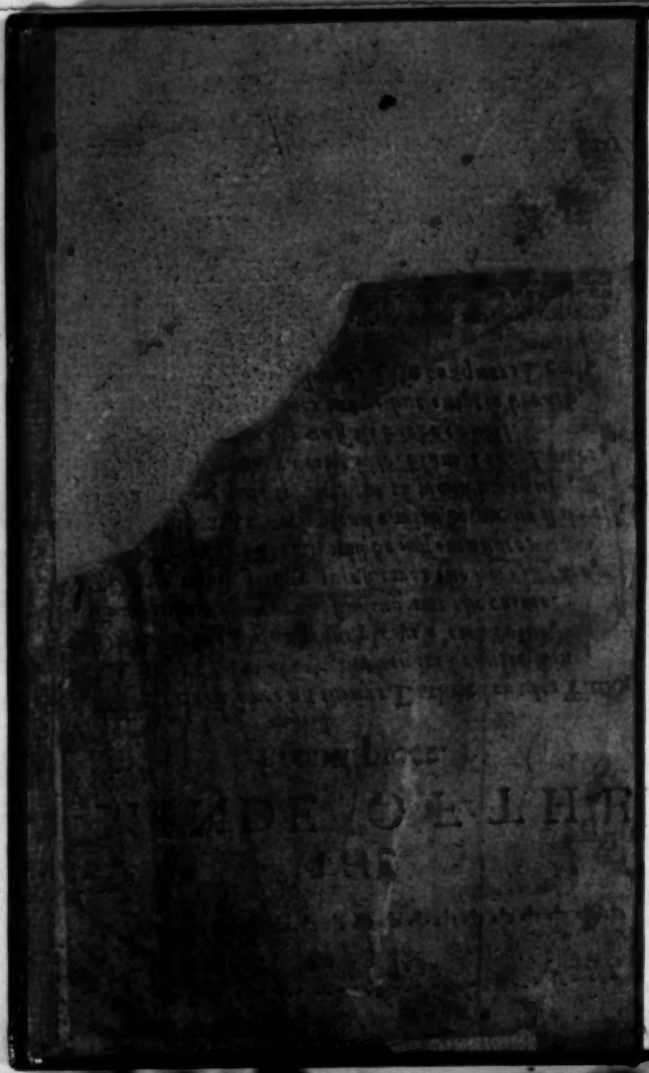
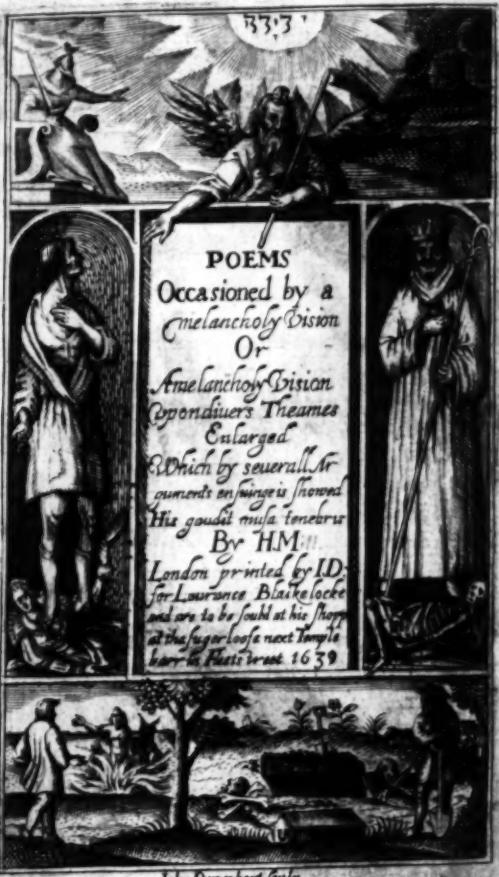
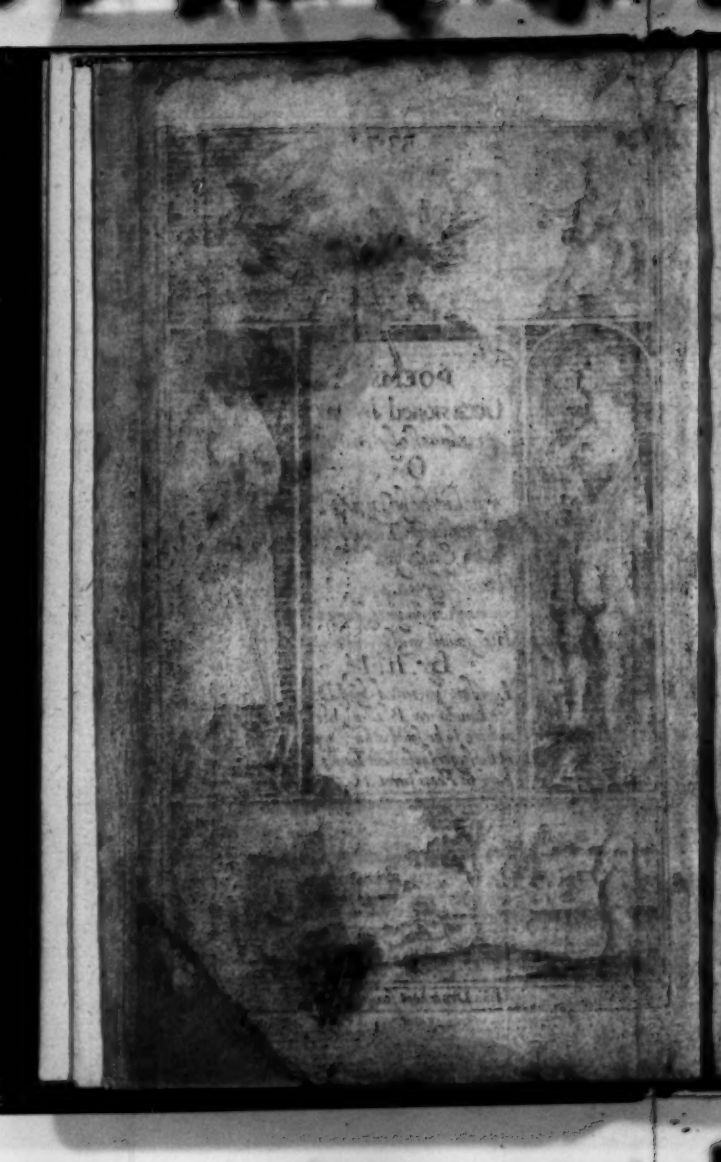


THE MINDE OF THE Frontiſpiece.

TIme *cenſures all things*, Darknes *envies* Time;
Light *from above, doth in its beautie ſhine,*
Diſcovering ſinfull plots; 'cauſe 'tis divine,
True Life *is honoured, finding out the crime.*
Th'impartiall Judge foreſhewes the horrid fate,
That Sinne *and* Death *will be unfortunate.*
Bold Ignorance *doth plead: with* Sinne *he'll dwell.*
Death brings Attornies for to plead his cauſe,
The Grave-maker being idle, blames the Lawes,
The Divell takes his vaſſall backe to hell.
All their defence does prove but emptie breath,
Sinne's by the ſinner ſtaine, Life *conquers* Death.


POEMS
Occasioned by a
Melancholy Vision
Or
A melancholy Vision
Upon diuers Theames
Enlarged
Which by seuerall Ar
guments ensuing is shewed
His gondell musa tenebrus
By H.M.
London printed by I.D.
for Laurance Blaiklocke
and are to be sould at his shopp
at the sugar-loose next Temple
barr in Fleet street 1639
John Dronkhout sculp



TO

THE RIGHT HO-
NOVRABLE MY VERY
good Lord, THOMAS
Earle of Winwood.



HEn I had compos'd
these unpolish'd lines,
and being urg'd by
some of my Friends to put

them into the wide world, to shift for themselves, I thought it somewhat an unnaturall part, to turne my new-borne Muse out of doores harbourlesse being unknowne, lest she should be tost to and fro, with some hollow blast of arrogant breath. Then musing on the many uudeserved favours that I have received from your Lordship, which I know not how to requite; I thought of presenting my home-bred Muse to your Honour, being

the first fruits of my poore indeavours in this kinde, and as part of the testimony of my humble service in thankfulnes to your Lordship. Although somewhat discouraged, when I considered the greatnesse of your person, together with your worth, and gifts of minde, meeting with learning and pietie, which makes you shine as a fixed Starre in our English region. And then looking backe how unworthy my plaine Muse is

of your Honours acceptation, But when I considered againe, what ſmall and weake indeavours (ſuch which might claime kindred with this of mine) have beene accepted of great perſonages when they have been drawn as a clew from the bowels of love (which I hope your Lordſhip conceives no leſſe of mine.) And the Eagle though ſhee ſoares aloft, doth not diſdaine to ſtoope low, and the Sunne that is ſo glorious, doth not

deny his spangled beams, nor cloud his smiling countenance from these inferiour darke bodies here below, and that the noblest spirits are accompanied with the humblest mindes (which I have ever found in your Lordship) then my doubts vanish as the mist before the heate: so I resolved to present (as here I doe) these lines to your Honours protection, Humbly craving your Lordships acceptation, that they may beare your

your name; So with your Honours countenance, they ſhall paſſe ſecure; Thus praying that the Lord will inrich you with ſpirituall bleſſings, and that the dew of heaven may ſweeten the fatneſſe of the earth, to you and your noble off-ſpring forever.

And remaine your Honours

moſt humble Servant.

HUMPHRY MILL.

TO THE READER.

When first I entertained thoughts of composing a few lines, for my own private use, (having opportunity, more than enough, without begging, or borrowing from other occasions) I did not intend that any (unlesse it were some

some familiar friend) should so much as see my melancholly Muse in her closet, much lesse to see her in an open market, especially in so meane a dresse, (it being no other, but that which shee was wrapt in at her first breathing, without altering matter, fashion, or trimming.) But because I kept her not so close, as I might have done, some, which I call friends, have betrayed her, and prevented me in my purpose: for shee was seene walking abroad without my consent. Thus when I perceived,

ceived, that when I gave her an inch, she did take an ell; I sought to restraine her. But ever when she was faultie in this kinde, shee came not home alone, but brought one or other to excuse her, and to plead for her libertie, and so being backt by her acquaintance (which she had got in a short time) shee grew bold, then I conceived, that if I did not give her leave, shee would take it unaskt; then partly for feare, that she might be corrupted, and partly by perswasions, whether willingly, or unwillingly,

I gave consent that shee might come and goe at her pleasure, But withall, charging her that shee should keepe a good decorum, that I by her meanes, might receive no blame.

I suppose it is not expected, that she should goe in gaudy attire, neither doe I desire, that shee should take up any upon trust, nor borrow much, for she hath no necessitie of it; I have not mounted upon Eagles wings, nor pierc'd the clouds for words to advance her worth, but in tearmes neareſt at hand, such

such as I am best acquainted withall, and as any indifferent Reader may well understand. Shee is not adorned onely with leaves, but she beareth fruit too, if blacke frosts hinder not, or wild beasts crop not the branches before it come to maturitie, or a worme ingender in the root, from envious tongues to cause it to wither.

If she meet with any that will not afford her a good word, yet let him vouchsafe her a good looke, and shee will not die in his debt:

debt: wherein she failes (if thou be able to judge) take it in the best sense, she gives occasion, to use thy charitie in conception, in that she sung in winter, her throat might be hoarse, and being the first time that she sung, she would not overstraine her voice; I make no question, but she can answer for her selfe, to give satisfaction to any reasonable man.

But because I have knowne her from her infancie, and seene her behaviour, being alwayes modest, temperate, sober, loving, and

honest,

honeſt, not apt to flatter or diſſemble, nor yet to hide the faults of her friends, neither cenſorious, or harſh to any, but to ſuch as doe more than deſerve it.

I cannot but commend her; and I could wiſh that ſhee were grafted upon a better ſtock: that her fruit might be more pleaſant. Shee began to plucke at the wings of Time, but ſeeing the feathers fal ſo faſt of themſelves, ſhe ſtept upon vanitie, which ſhee found to be nothing but the ruines of time, ſo ſtaid not there; then

beeing cloathed in mourning weeds, and in a melancholly humour, with a sad tune, shee sings a Tragedie of Darknesse, but Light comming in, she changeth her note, putting on fresh garments, falles in love with him, and sings his praise. But bee proving somewhat inconstant, here could not make a match, but remaines in promise for after times. But Life being the thing that hath gained such report, and so much desired, she tunes a Comedie, but finding the miseries

of it breake in here upon her, and that it is not the thing that it is taken for, being full of changes, her concords falls into discords; Then shee sets her selfe against Sinne, the cause of all disorders, having assistants which beares their parts, and the burthen of the song, with the heavenly powers; and hell is forced to sing the base: then being in triumph, she ventures upon Death as a party with Sinne, and gets the day. But finding the day of execution rejourned, she frames her songs of

degrees for her friends; to take off their hearts from those dying comforts, and sets them in a way, that they might not out-live their happinesse.

The Verses are various in kinde as the subjects are, each one hath his severall. I need not shew, how those that are interwoven, doe agree with the bases, and how the couplets are entire, &c. For such that know the nature of them already, and for such as doe not, let time and experience, teach them; Let those

that are wise, affect matter more than words, but chiefly, that which tends to raise the soule in her flight heaven-ward, which my Muse in her songs desires. Now I leave her with you, use her well: shee hath undergone a heavie Presse to gaine your acquaintance, shee will beare her owne charge, she will bee constant to you, her acquaintance will bring you profit, if you turne her not out of doores, howsoever she will speak the best, or say the least of her ill usage.

To the Reader.

To The Reader.

Good Readers, ſtill in ſilence doe paſſe by,
The faults incident to humanitie,
And in the inward Chamber of the heart,
A Lodging findes, and takes all in good part.
Theſe precious lines, by wiſedome were obtain'd
From him that govern's ſtill the ſtarres unſtain'd.
And now by whom, he doth the truth declare,
Obſerver he of time, is not rare.
And in the eye of ſuch as light doe hate,
Which hell hath hardned, and made obſtinate,
Emptie darkneſſe waites on them at noone,
Like *Egypt* dogs, they'l barke ſtill at the Moone.
But where there's grace compos'd with policy,
Heavens influence waiting conſtantly,
About the heart, that he ſhall ſo indite,
Matter ſweet for the ſoule, or hand to write,
If inſtances for witneſſe be produc'd,
The wiſe will conclude, that time is abus'd.

But now the Authour of this lively booke,
Studently, ingeniously, hath forsooke,
The windie froth, and vaine glorious sound,
Can have no footing here, upon this ground.
Judgement, affections, in reading is desir'd,
No admiration, but divine's requir'd.
Those sweet perfumes, which sweetens every verse
Read, marke, againe unto thy selfe rehearse.
If information of the wiles of sinne,
By reading this, unto thy soule comes in,
Instead of sleights, or jeeres, thy soule will praise,
The Lord, that gifts men so, in these our dayes.
Thus to unmaske the devils brats and sinne,
And shews such life, that all should strive to win.
I have to say in truth of commendation,
More from experience than by relation,
If evidence unskill'd in poetrie,
Proves not a blanck in any lotterie,
Then here stay not, but step within the doore,
There's Poetrie, varietie, and store.

W. G.

OF THE POEMS of his Friend.

I Read those lines, in them a worth I spi'd,
I turn'd them back, and found this empty side:
To praise the worth, I had a minde unto it,
'Twill praise it selfe, what need I then to doe it?
I tooke my pen, no longer did contest,
To try my skill, my love will prove the best:
The lines are usefull, sweet, and full of matter,
Composing words which men at randome flatter.
They are like darts to those that live in sinne,
They leave all speechlesse, that have shamelesse bin.
And sinne it selfe, is followed with such strength,
With all his power, he's overcome at length.
To all that loue truth, cordials, comforts sweet
They doe convay, to all directions meet.
Plaine things are rais'd, the lofty levell made,
Things lasting priz'd, those slighted that doe fade.
In pleasing tearmes, not strange, nor yet too low,
They beare a grace, yet such that all may know.

And

And if thou lusty Muse tunning strings,
How sweet will't be, when he both tunes and sings?
Goe now with praise, feare not to finde successe,
What hero's shine own, thou hast not rob'd the press.
Had I but hope, that I so well could doe,
I'd wish, that I were melancholy too.

P. H.

To his Friend, H. M.

HOnour is due to him that doth advance,
VNdoubted truth, with lively circumſtance.
MVch of this skill this Authour hath found out;
PVts Sinto ſilence: queſtions out of doubt.
HAving purſu'd the cauſe of deſolation,
RAiſing the hearts ſweetly with meditation.
YOur ſoules may ſee, their enemies deſcri'd,

MAns wit is pliable, truly ſanctified,
INlaying ſiege, 'gainſt ſinne, thy Poetry,
LEaves it accurſt, in helliſh deſtiny.
LEt not thy conqueſt die, let's know the thing,
SAlly forth little booke, feare no deadly ſting.

I. M.

To his Friend, H. M.

HOnour is due to him that doth advance,
VNdoubted truth, with lively circumstance,
MVch of this skill this Author hath found out:
PVts stop to silence: questions out of doubt.
HAving purg'd the cause of dedolation,
RAising the heart's lively with meditation,
YOur soules may see, their enemies defeat,
MAns wit is pliable, truly sanctified,
IN styling Hope, Saint Hume, thy Poesy,
LEaves it account, in heavenly deitie.
LEt not thy conquest die, let's know the living,
SAlly forth Saint Booke, feare no deadly sting.

I. W.

In Libri & Authoris

Encomion.

I Need not praiſe this Booke, nor more to tell,
But that the matter in't will make it ſell.
The worke it ſelfe wants nought to ſet it forth,
'Twill faſt enough away, through its owne worth.
Though ſome the Carver, not th' Authours skill,
Doe more admire the pencill than the quill.
Such Empericks indeed may faſhion it,
The perfecting's compact by Art and Wit.
Some men there are, that for their worthy parts,
Their vertue and their skill in many Arts,
Deſerved honour here; and thoſe that can,
Diſcerne the ſequell will applaud the man.
And muſt confeſſe he hath deſerved fame,
And everlaſting praiſe, but marke this ſame,
And to ſucceeding ages after tell,
The period of his life may end, and well.
His name forgotten be, but yet this know,
The worke remaines for ever, not for ſhow.

But

But for instruction of a civile life,
Abating vice, too common, frequent rife,
Excluding it, yet still in briefe refines,
True vertues worth, eminence, throughout his lines;
Now this to adde, and so conclude my Muse,
Reade it, then censure't, for it's meet for use.

THO: COLLET.

The Arguments.

A *Melancholly Vision.*
Of Time, with its use.
Of the Vanitie of the world.
Of the Nature of Darknesse.
Of the Nature of Light.
Of all sorts of Life.
Of the Condemnation of Sinne.
Of the Arraignment of Death.

The Reprive of Sinne, and Death.
Advise about Sinne.
Instructions touching Death.
The Resolutions of the Muse.

AN

The Arguments.

A Melancholly Vision.
Of Time, and its use.
Of the Vanity of the world.
Of the Nature of Darkness.
Of the Nature of Light.
Of all sorts of Life.
Of the Condemnation of Sinne.
Of the Arraignment of Death.

The Reprive of Sinne, and Death.
Advice above Sinne.
Infernall Sinners touching Death.
The Resolution of the Whole.

AN ACCIDENTALL Melancholy Vision which occasioned the Poems.

ME thought I saw, Time, in his speedie course,
His sithe new ground, his glasse being
almost run,
Albeit he strive in waite, to breake his force,
Teares, would not stay his toil his work were done,
He cut downe all; none could his fury shun;
Alas (thought I) he'l take me in his way,
My houre is neare, tooke earnest of decay

Me thought, all sorts, me company did beare,
My eyes did fail, my tongue grew speechlesse to,
My eares were stopt, my breath grew short, my
Did so increase, I knew not what to do: (feare
But yet I heard, from whence, or what, or who,
I could not tell; my spirits were agast:
With world adue, me thought I breath'd my last.

But yet my spirits were but in a trance,
For Darknesse with his mantle spread me ore,
With that, I did my courage much advance
'Gainst darknesse, yet the combate was so sore
That I grew sadder than I was before,
But yet thinke I, ile in defiance stand,
For I will never be at his command.

Like one destrest, I was o'rewhelmd a while,
With griefe, and care, lest I should lose the day,
Then in comes Light, and with a cheerfull smile
Revives my spirits: Darknesse flinches away,
So on the sodden, ended was the fray,
Light shin'd a while, but whit will any stay
What's made for time, a little time will smear

Then light began, much like a pleasant spring,
My heart grew warme. I had the sense of it;
The winters past (thought I) now birds dosing,
Why should I thus now melancholly sit?
Come, come, rejoyce, I hold it very fit,
I was on suddain ravisht in my soule,
But that which follow'd, did thy joyes controule.

For life brought Care, she look't on me so strange,
Best things below, doe prove but pleasing toyes:
I found his friendship subject (till to change,
Worm-eaten pleasures, breeds uncertain joyes,
And are like Rattles, onely fit for boyes.
Alas (said I) how am I thus deceiv'd?
I catch at comfort, and am still bereav'd.

Then Sin, he promis'd full content to me,
But on such termes, I (how'd like his direction)
Feare not (said he) for, we shall well agree:
But then (thought I) twill breed a worme in Sion,
To staine my soule with horror and affliction:
I gave denall to his cursed suite,
And did resolve, his vilenesse to confute.

I turn'd about, and saw sin was in hold;
Nay now (thought I) Ile have of sin my will,
Seeing that he was so impudent and bold,
To tempt me by his promises to ill:
The soules of many he doth daily spill,
I gave my voyce against him, by and by,
I turn'd my face, and saw him sentence dye.

well now (thought I) I hope, the worst is past,
I will rejoyce, and while my Muse doth sing,
Ile over-looke my sorrow, and sore-cast,
To tune my soule, and strike the pleasant string,
But Death peept in, which more ill newes did bring,
What must I die? is all my labour lost? (he sin,
Sin set him on, seeing he by me was crost.

But yet resolving, while I had my life,
To try an action, to my cause was tried,
And Death was cast, when ended all my strife,
But then the Divell, he could not abide,
That sin, and death, should die, for then his pride,
Would be abated, so he got them out
Now farewell World, I quit and thee put.

But then at last, I found another shift,
I slighted death, and thought on heaven above,
I thought it best, to make it still my drift,
To get the sense of Gods eternall love: (Dove)
Me thought 'twas brought me by the heav'nly
And musing of him when he was ascended,
And what he brought; so was my Vision ended.

1 Cor. 7.29.

This I say Brethren, the Time is short.

Eccles. 3.2.

There is a Time to be borne, and a Time to die.

Eccles. 9.10.

Neither doth man know his Time, but as the Fishes that are taken in a net, and the snare, so are the Children of men snared in an evill Time, when it falleth upon them suddainly.

Ephes. 5.16.

Redeeme the Time, because the dayes are evill.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NATVRE AND QUALITIE of TIME.

As also the abuse of it, with the good use of TIME.

POEMS.

O Time, thou art that precious part,
that God doth give to man;
That living here, may in Gods feare,
proceed the best he can.

Time's more of worth, when 'tis set forth
in Nature sweet and kinde,
Than Gold: being lost, the man is crost,
that seekes to gaine, or finde.

Time being gone, sure there is none,
can call it backe againe,
Its in God hand, Time cannot stand,
the Lord of times doth raigne.

When Time is past, though thou make haste,
to o're-take, its seldome seene,
But if thou creepe, time doth not sleepe,
but swift hath ever beene.

If thou but goe, time doth not so,
it runnes, thou runn'st, 'twill flye,
Cast time before, and keepe in store,
lest God thee time deny.

Thy great estate, time will but hate,
to tary for thee therefore,
Time knowes not how, nor God allow,
to differ rich from poore.

Time's likewise short, though fooles in sport
to make it shorter strive,
Poore fooles indeed, that whippe with speed
time gone, yet thinkes to thrive.

Alas,aday! who is't that may,
more then his day stay here?
What mortall can exceed this span,
though living now in cheere?

Death hath time prest, that all the rest,
that on the earth abide,
Ere it be long, though here so strong,
the dust may under hide.

Uncertaine doo, not much adoe,
can make us know our time,
Our suddaine change, should not be strange,
though it come in our prime.

When men minde not, then 'tis their lot,
to die: they naught desire it,
Time will away, it must not stay,
though all the world would hire it.

Though men do deeme, and some esteeme,
time long: yet short's the flower,
When men are strong, it lasts not long,
times cream's but like an houre.

Long doe we grow, ere we know how,
to use our time, and then,
We eate, and drinke, and little thinke,
to die, like other men.

Much time we sleepe, some time we weepe,
some time we sport and play,
Some time we win, most time we sin,
thus spend we many a day.

Some time we joy, and vainely toy,
saying, come let's merry be;
For when death comes, we in our toombes,
this mirth shall never see.

Some time we dresse, we take no lesse
time, to put off againe,
Some time we walke, some time we talke,
these things who can refraine?

When strength doth faile, old age is fraile,
and natures ruines are,
Though old men be, we seldome see
them, for their soules prepare.

Unlesse before, they had in store,
a stock of comfort got;
They cannot pray, nor truely say,
O Lord thou art my lot.

Not first, nor last, of time that's spent
our time we vainely spend,
The creature and flowre, us'd by Gods power,
brings comfort at the end.

This being true, I heard one rue,
how vile a beast am I?
Lost time I have, what may I crave,
but like a beast to die?

O time, thy price, if good advice
had wrought upon me then,
I had thee bought, and for thee sought,
wil't never come again?

Thy front was faire, adorn'd with haire,
but balde behinde thou art,
To follow thee, boots not for me,
for griefe hath kild my heart.

Thou art too swift, for me unthrift,
whether I doe goe, or runne,
My friend also, is turn'd my foe,
alas, my thread is spunne.

Short is the pleasure, of sinfull leasure,
but still the sting remaines,
Long lives the smart, which kils my heart,
with never dying paines.

I did beleeve, that on my sleeve,
time, and Repentance fast
Was pin'd: and when I car'd not, then
they both were quickly past.

Then

Then thou my friend, that seest my end,
take heed at any rate,
For now in hell, I goe to dwell,
all comforts come too late.

Make use of time, now in thy prime,
lay hold on saving grace,
Lest at the last, God doe thee cast,
from heaven his dwelling place.

Into that Lake, where lives the snake,
with hell-hounds yelling fast,
Where thou shalt crie, and burning lye,
thy dolour still shall last.

GOOD VSE OF TIME

With meanes to bee used to make advantage of it.

WEll, now I see, what miserie,
that time ill spent, doth bring.
Hearing these words, they cut like swords,
teares from my eyes they wring.

Time be my friend, ile make an end,
and leave my vaine delights.
I will thee use, and not abuse,
and give to thee thy rights.

Thou art of price, I will be wise,
to make of thee such gaine,
As through Gods grace, I be thrive apace,
Gods love shall me constraine.

Though

Though short time is, I will not misse,
in time to serve the Lord.
And then will he, still present be,
and comfort me afford.

Then time make haste, and run as fast,
or having wings thou flye.
Then to my fort, I will resort,
under Gods wings ile lye.

Though suddenly, thou com'st to me,
how ready I shall be,
Then thus I say, Ile watch and pray,
from feare I shall be free.

Against that houre, Lord by thy power,
of comforts give me store,
Live thou my soule, free from controule,
when time shall be no more.

Now thou my friend, that good intend,
use well the time while here
Thou stay: then fast, thou shalt endure,
fresh comforts shall appeare.

Alas, how may I, thou wilt say,
make use of time so fast flory,
I may at last, when time is past,
by grace attaine to glory.

Serve

Of Time.

Serve God, while young, when thou art ſtrong
to overcome thy Luſt,
Make haſte alſo, and with time goe,
or be behinde thou muſt.

Deny thy ſtrength, and now at length,
make God thy chiefeſt guide,
Let in thy breſt, ſin never reſt,
but chiefly downe with pride.

Beleeve thou art, freed from the ſmart
of ſin, of death, and hell,
By him that came; from heavens frame,
ſometime on earth to dwell.

Be good and kinde, to all that minde
the God of time to ſerve,
Serve all in love, from God above,
let thy heart never ſwarve.

Unlooſe thy joyes, from earthly toyes,
and willing be to part,
For worldly things, no comfort brings,
let heaven have thy heart.

So now we ſee, how we may be,
of time, good ſtewards then.
Let us be bleſt, Lord to thy reſt,
and enter may: *Amen.*

FINIS.

Serve God, while young, when thou art strong
to overcome thy Lust.
Make haste, and watch time,

Deny thy strength, and now at length,
make God thy chiefest guide,
Let in thy breast, sin never rest,
but chiefly downe with pride.

1 JOHN, 2. 17.

The world passeth away, and the Lust thereof.

Beleeve, or death, and flie
from him, or death, and flie
By him that came from heavens fame,
doe time on earth well.

Be good and kind, and make
the Christian mind
The fashion of this world passeth
Serve all in love, from Love above,
let thy heart never swave.

Unloose thy joyes, from earthly toyes,
and willing be to part,

So now we see, how we may be,
of time, good steward then.
Let us be bold, Lord to thy fold,
and once may: Amen.

FINIS.

THE FADING CONDITION, OF EARTHLY THINGS.

With the Application of it.

THe Vanity of earthly things,
appeareth on this wise,
False joy true discontent it brings,
who could them not despise?

What are the Nobles of the earth,
but honoured clodds of clay?
Though they are made so great by birth,
such time consumes away.

What are the learned'st here below,
but reverend heapes of dust?
Also the wisest that I know,
dissolved be they must.

What are the richest of the time?
Ere grown ne'er fade away?
So doe the greatest in their prime,
even fade till quite decay.

What are the fairest of this age?
but skin thicke beauties found?
Must not the stoutest though they rage,
lye even with the ground?

And must not poore and lowly too,
at last be lower brought?
All of all sorts, though much adoe,
ere long must range to naught.

If Nobles be, though honoured,
so mortall as the rest?
Ile be content, though meaner bred,
and comming thus behinde.

Shall

Shall finde as much respect with death,
the wormes, and eke the grave,
As truly honoured Nobles, sith
they there no Lordships have.

If learning will not much availe,
when time begins to close,
Though they are like, when they prevaile,
the Lilly and the Rose.

The learning of the truth shall be,
the thing I most intend,
When all things changed thus shall be,
my comfort shall not end.

If worldly wisedome, doth no good,
to helpe in time of need,
Ile not adore the Serpents brood,
nor run with them to speed.

My wisedome for to know my God,
his Christ, through his good grace,
My selfe, my sins, and eke Gods rod,
'twill make me mend apace.

If rich men, and their riches are,
thus subject all to fade,
O pitty them, that with much care,
their gods of them hath made.

My care shall be, to be as rich,
in God I may or can,
To bring my selfe up to the pitch,
to feare nor flatter man.

What cannot greatnesse death withstand?
nor shun his mortall dart?
Let no man thinke to take in hand,
to free him from that smart.

My care shall be, to frame my life
and daily die to sinne,
And living may, thus free from strife,
a heavenly life begin.

Nor cannot beauty with her smiles,
once charme deaths frowning face?
Whothen so hardy thinkes his wiles,
can turne his common trace

I love the beautie that's within
and in the heart doth lye,
It's fresh in heaven, being freed from sin,
when death it selfe shall die.

Cannot the man, that is so stout,
himselfe free from the dread?
What is the man, that goes about
redemption from the dead?

I desire to take away the sting,
from death, and him disarme,
Being done by faith, to God ile sing,
his praise, thus fre'd from harme.

And why must poore, and lowly men,
lye lower in the dust?
It's so decreed, I say agen,
that all men living must.

Poore be content, for you shall see,
the rich for all their store,
As low interr'd, in earth shall be,
though men doe them adore.

Let low in heart, rejoyce that have
a Kingdome for their owne,
The King of Kings will all them save,
when proud are overthrowne.

Let's all prepare our selves for change,
We must not long stay here,
That God to us may not be strange,
then come thou King of feare.

Not noble birth, nor learning high,
nor wise, nor rich, nor great,
Nor faire, nor stout, poore, nor lowly,
all must be wormes meat.

The fading condition of earthly things.

Come downe proud hearts, for thus I say,
that death hath no remorse,
O bend to God, and to him pray
lest thou bebe oke by force.

Then farewell all contents below,
all must to judgement come:
How they have liv'd, so shall they know,
for to receive their doome.

FINIS.

GEN. 1. 2.

The Earth was without form, and Darkness was upon the Deep.

ROM. 13. 12.

Cast away the works of Darkness.

EPHE 5. 5. 11.

Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of Darkness, but reprove them rather.

GEN. 1. 2:

The Earth was without forme, and Darkneſſe was upon the Deepe.

ROM. 13. 12.

Caſt away the workes of Darkneſſe.

EPHES. 5. 11.

Haue no fellowſhip with the unfruitfull workes of Darkneſſe, but reproue them rather.

POEMS.

DARKNESSE DISCOVERED.

With the dreadfull effects thereof.

The Argument in Charge.

1.

COme, come my Muſe, put on thy ſad array,
Black darkneſſe ſcorning, in a hatefull tone,
And if thou canſt him baniſh quite away,
Thou ſhalt have praiſe almoſt of every one:
Be bold, and by him be not thou out-fac'd,
If he'll not part, let him remaine diſgrac'd.

2 Thou

2.

Thou black and hideous monſter on the earth;
Darkneſſe I meane, I never yet could finde,
That he which made the world, brought thee to birth
Thou art of helliſh nature, kin by kind,
To that curſt fiend, that rules in thee by might,
Thou muſt give place, he claims thee for his right.

3.

If hell had been, before there was a Divell,
I ſhould have judg'd that thou hadſt bin the ſame,
As firſt, ſo worſe than any other evill,
Thou art; till now. I never knew thy name,
A dreadfull night-hag, blackneſſe type of death,
Thou hinder'ſt light, thy vapors poyſon breath.

4.

An evill ſpirit thou art, there is no doubt,
Thou do'ſt ſo haunt me, where ſo ere I goe,
Thoutgh I remote be, thou do'ſt finde me out,
And look'ſt ſo ghaſtly, like a deadly foe.
If I haſte home, yet thou art there before
Waiting my comming, for to vexe me more.

5.

Thou art ſo bold, no company or place,
Can ſhake thee off, thou moſt unwelcome gueſt,
The comelieſt creature thou doſt ſtill diſgrace,
Onely with blinde men, thou art in requeſt;
Or hatefull creatures, that doe ſhun the light,
Doe follow thee, and ſo play leaſt in ſight.

6.

Had not the glorious light appear'd, ſtill thou
Hadſt kept poſſeſſion of the world, and then
None ever could at any time tell how,
To diffet beaſts (though wilde) from ſons of men,
Gods praiſe of all his works, had quite bin loſt,
Had he not brought in light, and darkneſs croſt.

7.

But ſtill thou ſhat'ſt with light, at time and place,
And ſhew'ſt thy ſwarthie viſage every whete,
Ide make thee creepe in holes, not ſhew thy face
No more then thou doſt, if I could power ſo tere,
Th'obſcureſt den, ſhould ever be thy toombe,
Till hell did take thee, at the day of doome.

8.

Men were not made with eyes, and not to see,
Such pleasant colours, made were for delight,
What use of these, when men in darknesse be,
What dost thou then, but rob us of our right?
Dost peepe in now? be gone, or else ile fling
Thy horrid shape; let cursed be thy bite.

9.

Thou envious viper, why so long dost keepe
Possession of some countries? ere thou part,
Would'st have a cleare sun, halfe a yeare to sleepe?
No fruit thou hast, poore beasts do feele the smart,
Thou keepst frō others, must wait thy leisure,
Ther's no excuse, no reason, 'tis thy pleasure.

10.

A man that travels on his way, he thinkes,
No hurt is in care him, but thou hid'st the way,
Then suddainly into a pit he sinkes,
So by thy meanes, that, doth his life decay.
Thou dost not care, thou would'st not doe't wilfully
If all that lives should fall into a pit.

Contra-

11.

Contrarily, when men in Darkneſſe goe,
They ſee a buſh, but take it for a Theefe,
And (o) friend, is taken for a foe,
Of all miſtakes in miſchiefe, thou art chiefe,
I never knew thee to repent of any,
Of all ſuch wrongs, though they were neere ſo many.

12.

Thou haſt the day, that it can never laſt,
Thy fury ſhewes the curſtneſſe of thy ſpirit,
And when the champion hides him in the weſt,
Thou tak'ſt his place, there thou would'ſt ſtill inherit:
But light doth conquer, and breaks up thy fort,
Men run from thee, to light they doe reſort.

13.

What uſe of thee can any creature make?
For any good what profit doſt thou bring?
Or what delight can any creature take
In thee? thou envi'ſt every living thing:
But Bats and Owles, are companie for thee,
And graves remote, how noyſome are they be.

14.

Nay worse thus all that I before have told (dreams
Thou'rt good for nothing, but with sleeping
Thou cheatest men: the blindest are most bold.
And whē they wake, their wants are in extreams.
Thou frightst men too, & makst some fools, (mad.
All this is true, or this is worse than bad.

15.

Yet worse I le say, that no man can deny it.
Thou coverest sin, and dost still take his part,
Thou art reserv'd and close, I dare defie it.
Thou hid'st sins vermin, that should feel the smart,
And good that should lye open to the world,
That hid'st it so, this in a grave is buried.

16.

A traytor thou art guilty of the sin,
That traytors first invites, and hides them.
Thou keepst their counsels, as the devil thy master,
But thou shouldst share with them in deadly spels.
Thy actions are first in all things like a still
Thy parts digest, that thou mayst swill

17 By

17.

By thy aſſiſtance theeves doe ſeeke their prey,
They rob and ſteale, thou doſt their counſell keep,
When they breake houſes, 'tis not in the day,
'Tis in thy preſence, when men are aſleepe:
Thou cozening varlet, doſt not thou partake?
With all ſuch villaines, thou doſt ſhare a ſtake.

18.

Mē ſpend whole nights in play, their means & al,
Thou doſt them ſhelter with a ſable hue,
They'l turne thee into day, but they inthrall
Themſelves: day is their night, & ſhame their due,
For when light peepes on them, they ſlink away,
Thou mak'ſt them bold, but light doth them be-
(wray.

19.

What art thou but a Pandar to the whore,
To countenance ſuch baſeneſſe that they doe?
When thou haſt curtain'd light, and not before
They ſerve their luſts, art thou not guilty too?
Such things are cover'd, yea maintain'd by thee,
As clownes blush at, and mad men hate to ſee.

20.

Thou go'st with death, you both agree together,
If one goe first, the other followes fast,
Who is the matter? 'tis no matter whether,
How can you 'gree? too slow thou, he too fast?
Runs doth in darknes throws his dart so right,
You both conspire against the blessed light.

21.

Darknes, thou tak'st on thee such dreadfull state,
That sin and death, doth still upon thee waite,
Having their love, thou dost procure thee hate,
Of all that know thy trickes, and finde thy baite:
Thou art accurst of all that see thy shape,
'Tis more ugly, than any Beare or Ape.

22.

Thou chargest them, with candle, torch and tapers,
Those that thee purchase any time of thee, (pore)
(When thou dost come, and bring thy hatefull va-
Shall buy it deare, if they would constant be.
Thou ever still dost seeke for to undoe us,
And envies much, when any light comes to us.

23.

Though I chide thee, yet ſtil thou ſtar'ſt upon me;
And doſt not ſhrinke a whit, thou mak'ſt me free,
Thou doſt out-face me, preſſing more upon me;
With thy blacke guard, thou doſt upon me ſet;
I call for light, but thou doſt wait till when,
My candle's out, and then thou com'ſt agen.

24.

Mans time is ſhort, yet thou tak'ſt halfe his life;
He anſwer muſt, for that blacke time that thou
Doſt bring on him; 'tis that, that breeds us ſtrife,
To be redeem'd from thee, we know not how.
The willinger to part from earth I'le bee,
Freed from thy ſhade, I perfect light ſhall ſee.

25.

Unlike to God thou art, no darkneſſe dwell
With him may; thou haſt nothing elſe, thy name
Is darkneſſe: thou wilt ſoone all light expell,
If thou hadſt might, for free thou art from ſhame.
Thou dar'ſt not looke in heaven, this I know,
God lets thee ſtay for puniſhment below.

26.

Most fitly unto hell, I thee compare,
For darknesse there, is of no other hue,
Thy ugly presence, addeth to their care,
That love not light, so darknesse is their due;
Thou constant art, yet there thou dost not hide,
Their faults, though thou dost with them still
(abide.

27.

Nay worse, for there thou dost the worse torment,
And vexe them justly, here thou vexest all,
The best thou hindrest from their good intent,
Both good and bad, with snares thou dost inthral,
From fire there, thou tak'st the light away,
Thou bring'st us night, & tak'st from us the day.

28.

Be thou confin'd to hell, for only there,
Thy kingdome is, yet here thou com'st to dwell,
And with thy shape thou putt'st us still in fear,
Art thou so large, not roome enough in hell
For thee: but thou must rove about the earth?
With tragedies thou act'st a mothers birth.

29

Thou like hells factor, gets men in thy clawes
And keep'ſt them faſt, they cannot get from thee;
Then helliſh darkneſſe, opens wide his jawes,
And ſwallowes them in endleſſe miſerie.
Thoſe that on earth do ſhew to thee regard,
Thy partner doth in hell, their workes reward.

30

Darkneſſe in hell, ſeems like thy younger brother,
For thou before hadſt being in the world:
Didſt thou fall out with him? or from each other
Part with conſent? that he to hell was hurl'd,
Of doth he there, poſſeſſion keepe for thee,
Till thou com'ſt there, for all eternitie?

31

For though thou ſtay'ſt on earth awhile, yet thou
Ere long, ſhalt not in any place be found
Saving in hell; let hell-hounds tell thee how
By thee their ſorrowes do the more abound:
Put up together, you ſhall lie for ayre,
Looke not toward heaven, for you muſt deſpayre.

32.

Thou with black storms, dost ever join thy might
In day thy foggy mists, doe cast their vailes,
Which hang before us, keeping off the light,
On toppes of hilles, or dwelling in the dales:
And thou in mischiefe dost eclipse the Sunne,
To force a night, before the day be done.

33.

Nay worst of all, thou mak'st men blinde within,
Thou tak'st possession onely of the heart,
And so through darknesse, men doe live in sin,
Losing their way, so by thy cursed art:
No love of truth, (for why they cannot see)
Doth once appeare, being hoodwinkt so by (thee.

34.

The minde to folly, thou dost ever bend,
Through ignorance, thou keep'st it still in hold,
To hinder good, thou hast a cursed end,
To cloud the light, thou shameleſſe art and bold,
Thou keep'st affiſes, cloſe, within the ſoule,
Thou wilt be judg, and thou wilt all controule,

35.

If once the will, do but a freedome crave,
And labour darkneſſe, for to diſinherit,
Then if thou canſt not chaine him like a ſlave,
Thou'lt blinde him ſo, that he will think to merit
Which is as bad, or worſe, thus for to change;
Blinde zeale from light is far remote & ſtrange.

36.

Th'affections are ſo darkned, by thy power,
They live below, and worldly goods deſire,
Deſiring things that periſh in an houre;
Affecting not the light, or to aſpire
Above thy reach, but with thee will remaine,
They licke the duſt, and judge loſſe to be gaine.

37.

The minde, the will, affections are included,
In thy black dungeon, thou doſt keepe them faſt.
And ſo poore creatures are by thee deluded,
They love thee more than light, light hath no taſt
With them, for light they never yet did know,
They'l know thee here, or elſe in hell below.

38.

Thoſe not a few, that thou doſt cheat ſo ſtill,
The moſt of men, thou hideſt in thy tent,
For half the world, is not enough to fill,
Thy helliſh priſon; but 'tis ſtill thy bent,
To cover all men with thy helliſh ſhade,
As if that all were for deſtruction made.

39.

Thou mak'ſt mē think, that evil's good, good evil,
Such doe thee love; is't for thy comely lookes?
Or elſe, becauſe thou art ſo like the Devill,
They ſo delight to reade thy curſed bookes?
Or is't that they may free from feare or wit,
Still ſin unſeene, when they in darkneſſe ſit?

40.

Though men have eyes, through thee they cannot ſee,
No not themſelves, for they are blinde within,
Thou flatter'ſt ſuch, how vile ſo ere they be,
Which worke for thee, hate light and mock at ſin,
To humour all, thou haſt a great deſire,
Thus plead for thee, and love thy friendly hire.

41.

Thou art the cauſe, that men doe live like bruits.
They looke not up, they'r ſo with thee poſſeſt,
They are thy ſpawns, I know thē by their fruits,
Ile never looke for reaſon, in a beaſt:
O curſed darkneſſe, how doſt thou bereave,
Their ſoules of light, and in them darknes leave.

42.

Thou wilt not be expeld by any ſtrength,
Nor adjurations charge, thou art ſo ſtout,
Till God from heaven brings his light at length,
Into the mindes, and ſo doth caſt thee out:
Yet thou doſt lurk, and turne againe to enter
Into the heart; thou art ſo bold to venter.

43.

In ſingle actions, thou doſt hide a part,
If good, the comfort, thou doſt ſtill diſgrace,
If bad, thou uſeſt ſuch black handed art,
Men cannot ſee their own deformed face, (peare,
Whether good or bad: ſmal difference doth ap-
The good is clouded, bad (though foule) ſeemes (cleare.

44.

Though light be round about thee, yet thou (keep'ſt
Poſſeſsion: for thou wilt not ſtirre from thence,
Thy night is alwayes, yet thou never ſleep'ſt,
Light from on high againſt thee doth commence,
A ſuit in judgement; though he get the day,
Being impudent, thou wilt not get away.

45.

Keep off from me, I charge thee come not hither,
Go, go to Egypt, once againe to dwell,
And let the dreamers ſay, when thou com'ſt thi-
That thou moſt fitly doſt reſemble hell. (ther,
Or wait in deſarts, let the ſleepers call
Thee back: or mourners to the funerall.

46.

Let ſuch as have not mourning garments made,
Attend the funerals to their graves by day,
Take up on truſt, of thy blacke cypreſſe ſhade,
Let doomeſ-day be appointed for thy pay:
Let greeved perſons that ſhould weepe alone,
In thy ſad preſence, breath a ſilent groane.

47.

Goe, be a bug-beare to the Indians wilde,
And live with ſavages, in darkſome holes, (milde,
Or dwell with wormes beneath, for they are
They'l not thee chide, goe tarry with the moles,
Till thou art ſent for; theſe will like thee beſt:
Shameleſſe thou art, thou'dſt goe elſe, being ſo
(preſt.

48.

Me thinks to dwel 'mongſt Turks, might thee ſuf-
(fice,
Their bounds are larger, than all Chriſtendome;
Thou ſhalt be welcom, there they wil thee prize,
What need'ſt thou then to us, ſo conſtant come?
Get, get thee gone, thy Canopie no more,
Spread over us, doe this, Ile quit the ſcore.

49.

Let ſuch bribe thee, that Nature have deni'd,
A comely ſhape, and let thoſe be in fee
With thee: that thou maiſt them in darkneſs hide,
That have no hope of grace or good to ſee;
Let vagrants uſe thee, as a charme t' affright,
Their froward brats, to tell them here comes
(night.

50 And

50.

And let the ſcreetch-owles, with their doleſull noiſe,
Accompany thy preſence, and withall,
To uſher in thy traine, with hollow voice,
Let night-birds meet together, great and ſmall:
No other muſicke, but the paſſing bell,
Thy woes ſo ſad, as death himſelfe can tell.

51.

Let no man name thee, but in great diſdaine,
And bluſh when thou art open ſet before,
Let none wiſh for thee, thou increaſeſt paine
Of death, to ſuch that doe but help thee ore:
When thou art ſeen, let deſperate ſinners quake,
That muſt in hell of thee poſſeſſion take.

52.

Let fooles by thee, be ever ſo affrighted
That they may tremble when they doe thee ſee;
Let changelings cry, ſtill whē they are benighted,
And bawling curres, then howle for fear of thee:
Let mad men quiver when they hear thy name,
Or ſee thy ſhape (though wilde) they may grow (tame.

53.

Then now I'd leave thee, leave thee? would I might,
I ſpeake as I would have it unawares,
The thoughts of leaving, makes my heart ſo light,
That for the preſent, I am free from cares:
Then ſay I, is this raviſhment in thought?
Its but a dream, which waking turns to naught.

54.

For when I turne my face, it glides away,
And dores are ſhut, and darkneſſe in doth ſlinke,
Then all amort, I bid my pen goe play,
I write no more, he creeps in through a chinke:
I think to ſtrive, 'tis but in vaine for me,
For with this ſpright, I haunted ſtill ſhall be.

55.

If I could kill thee, I would ſoone diſpatch it,
Run through th' hadſt bin, I know it many times,
Yet ſtill thou liv'ſt, thy evill who can match it?
Men die with leſſe, and for leſſe ſinfull crimes:
There's none can hang thee, ſtill thou ſlip'ſt the knot
Ile have thee baniſht, this ſhould be thy lot. (

56.

Thou ſtop'ſt mine eyes, thou canſt not ſtop my (tongue,
Ile tell thy projects to the world, that they,
May ſhun, or hate thy company, and long,
And love, and prize the lightſome cheerfull day:
I will not make with thee a compoſition,
Nor none ſhould elſe, by my will or permiſsiō.

57.

My eares are open, them thou canſt not cloſe,
With all thy magick: comfort ſtill I finde,
In darkneſſe I can ſmell a fragrant roſe. (minde.
Though thou bring'ſt ſadneſſe, this doth eaſe my
I will not feare thee much: for why ſhould I,
God gives me light, thy blackneſſe to deſcrie.

58.

Ile raiſe my thoughts (though dark) above thy (flight,
And meditate on bleſſed things to come,
And take poſſeſſion of eternall light,
By faith: though thou wilt not avoid the roome.
Come do thy worſt, why ſhould I favor crave,
Of thee that art a theefe, a ſharke, a ſlave?

59.

(Then thus I thinke, againe.)
If he'l not part, by faire meanes nor by force,
But ſtay with us, and vexe us in deſpight;
Ile ſend a Satire that ſhall ſcourge him worſe,
He feeling ſmart, perhaps he'll take his flight.
It bootes not, he being ſenſeleſſe feels no pain,
A whipp's as nothing, this thought is but vaine.

60.

Being vext, I to him ſay:
Remaine impriſon'd, in a fatall Cell,
And let the ſtars, the Moon ſtill watch thee there,
But with enchantments, thou get'ſt out to dwell,
The ſtarres are hid, the Moon doth not appeare.
(Then thus my Muſe reply:)
What remedy, but patience, that is beſt,
Lay me aſide, goe ſweetly take thy reſt.

61.

(Then I looke back:)
On what my Muſe did ſpeake, I ſet my mind,
I thought regard his power, nor his charmes,
Nor feare his lookes, my ſoule ſhall be inclin'd,
To light: then I will never dread his harmes.
'Tis but a time, halfe my time here is ſpent,
My minde ſhall ſee heaven, in the darkeſt night.

62.

Then to my Muse I say,
Alas, alas, is all thy labour lost?
Doth darknesse still remaine? what still abide?
Is there no way to have his horrour crost?
Doth he not care though thou dost sharply chide?
Be not dismaid, thy labour is not vaine,
Except his owne, all men shall him disdaine.

63.

Winde up thy clew, for thou hast staid too long,
Acting thy part, so tragicall and grim,
Though darknesse stay still with us yet among,
Yet charge him that he goes not into him:
That's dispossest of him; nor in the heart
Once claime a share, where light hath got a part.

64.

Warne all in light, to stand upon their guard,
Let those in darknesse, for their freedome strive;
Let all at all times, ever be prepar'd,
To oppose it, till they doe by light arrive
In heaven; where, no darknesse they shall see,
But from from feare eternally shall be.

65.

If Darkneſſe grumble,
Speake not at all, though he do vexe and gratch,
And mutter out his froth, or yet his crue,
Reply: ſeeing thou doſt them ſo boldly touch,
Its known full well what thou haſt ſpoke is true.
They'l ſhew thou did'ſt but rub him on the ſore,
The more they ſtir, ſtill they will ſtink the more.

66.

Muſe, thou art honeſt, I muſt take thy part,
Though thou art plain, let none thy truth deſpiſe,
Thou art not trimm'd with any curious art,
Thou wear'ſt thy owne, that beſt doth fit thy ſize.
Goe, goe thy way, plaine dreſſing likes me beſt,
For heatheniſh painting 's grown out of requeſt.

FINIS.

GEN. 1. 3.

And God said, Let there bee Light, and there was Light.

PSAL. 36. 9.

For with thee is the well of life, and in thy light shall we see Light.

POEMS.

LIGHT SET FORTH IN HIS BEAVTIE.

With the Effects thereof.

The Argument in Charge.

1.

NOw come my Muſe, and ſweetly ſing
the praiſe of light, no other thing;
Shall hinder thee: I have intent,
To helpe thy tune, my heart is bent.

2.

His pedigree, his beautie, worth,
His stile, estcame, his truth set forth,
His company, and proper place,
And chide all those, that him disgrace.

3.

O blessed Light, need I a taske
To sing thy worth, let none me aske,
Thy selfe as motives, may suffice,
To cause my pen thy songs devise.

4.

If I should hold my tongue, some Vale,
Or Hills, or Plants, would tell the tale,
Or Beasts, nay stones, would finde a tongue,
To speake thy praises, ere 'twere long.

5.

If I could finde an Eagles quill,
Drop'd from her wing, I'de try my skill,
With it to raise my note so high,
And set thy Worth, above the skie.

6.

I am too shallow in this art,
In Comedie to act a part,
For thee, that art so sweet and faire,
I feare my words will bee but ayre.

7.

But if I speake, perhaps some other,
Will fall to write, whose worth they smother;
Thy glory shew, that better can,
And will thy beautie freely scan.

8.

Light, thou art so divine a thing,
Let all the world thy honour sing,
To bring thy favour in request,
And call thee still their welcome guest.

9.

The God of lights, thy father be,
Doth so proclaime himselfe to be,
Thy birth is honoured: so dost thou,
Dwell with thy fathers Children now.

10.

Thou first wast made of all the rest,
His workes to grace, thee he thought best,
He let thee rule, and call'd thee day,
Thou did'st drive darknesse farre away.

11.

Thou spread'st thy selfe, blest was thy name,
And all did mount, and blaze thy fame,
For thou didst shew thy face to all,
To rich, to poore, to great and small.

12.

Thou ready wast, for to attend,
The creatures when they did ascend,
From earth: thou welcom'st in their traine,
'Twas all for love, thou hadst no gaine.

13.

The Sunne he borrow'd light of thee,
The Starres we know, beholding be,
To thee: the Moone would be but darke,
Had she none of thy heavenly sparke.

14.

So pure and perfect ſtill thou art,
With that, that's ill, thou tak'ſt no part,
No vileneſſe can unto thee cleave,
Curſt creatures would thy preſence leave.

15.

But thou their doings doſt eſpie,
And chaſe them with thy lightned eye,
And bring'ſt them naked on the ſtage,
And mak'ſt them hatefull to this age.

16.

The goodneſſe that lies hid of thoſe,
That love thee; thou doſt it diſcloſe,
In time thou wilt ſo ſpread their fames,
That men ſhall joy to heare their names.

17.

Thy ſelfe and all things thou doſt ſhow.
Thou would'ſt have us, the glory know
Of God in thee; and all the reſt,
How in his creatures he is bleſt.

18.

All things had beene but blinde and dumbe,
Had'st thou not mustred up the summe
Of them in order, and their glory,
Who could have known the worlds great story.

19.

Constant art thou, for to this day,
Thou dost not from us part away,
But shew'st thy face, and let'st us see,
Thy beautie, with thy pluritie.

20.

Thou art of day the Princesse still,
We'l serve thee freely with good will,
And for to recompence our paines,
Thy presence brings sufficient gaines.

21.

Thou shew'st thy beames also in night,
When darknesse rules, thy lesser Light
Breakes in to guide us, in our way,
Lest darknesse would leade us astray.

22.

Though thou art high, thou doſt not grutch,
To ſtoope and light below, all ſuch
As need thy ayde, and faine would uſe
Thy beames: thou doſt them not refuſe.

23.

Nay thou the bad doſt not denye,
Thy ayde, but com'ſt in preſently,
To doe them good. So good for ill,
Thou doſt repay, 'tis thy good will.

24.

For ſuch as would reſiſt thy might,
'Tis but in vaine, for thou in ſight,
Break'ſt in upon them, in what place,
So ere they be; to their diſgrace.

25.

Thou art ſo ſwift, that in an houre,
O're all the world thou ſpread'ſt thy power,
Thou overlook'ſt the world, and when,
Thou draw'ſt away, ſwift art thou then.

26.

Thou pleasant art, for to behold,
When thou thy sweetnesse dost unfold,
All comely creatures thou dost grace,
All flowers smile upon thy face.

27.

And thou dost ease the greeved minde,
When thou com'st in, they comfort finde,
From false suspicions thou dost free,
All such as suffer wrongfully.

28.

Most usefull every way art thou,
For all things that we may know how,
By thy assistance for to doe,
All businesse: and praise thee to.

29.

Thou art admired for thy worth,
My pen can never set thee forth,
As thou deservst, but this I say,
What's better than the light of day?

30.

Who is so honour'd with his store,
Of friends, as thou; for thou hast more
Then all the world to claime as due,
Who doth not for thy friendship sue?

31.

Who hath attendants like to thee,
For Kings and peoples seeke to bee,
Grac't with thy presence? they cry still,
Come stay: of thee let's have our fill.

32.

When thou dost hide thy selfe a while,
Then all amort, and not a smile,
Breakes forth: but all to silent rest,
Betake themselves, in night it's best.

33.

But when thy morning doth appeare,
With one consent, and pleasing cheare,
We meet thee for to welcome in,
So sweet a guest, still thou hast beene.

34.

The pretty Birds, with musicke sweet,
Doe usher thee in, as 'tis meet;
I wish their notes and tunes so shrill,
Might make thee tarry with us still.

35.

The Beasts arise, though thankelesse they,
Doe eate and drinke, then sport and play.
They follow thee, and in their kinde,
Shew, they to praise thee, have a minde.

36.

If darknesse were not mixt below,
Among'st thy splendor, this I know,
Thou would'st appeare so bright, that then,
Thou would'st not suit with mortall men.

37.

To doe us good, thou willing art,
And thou with fire takest a part,
To light my Candle still at night,
When thy maine power is taking flight.

38.

I pray thee hide not now thy face,
From me, nor leave me in this case:
I am thy Friend, I sing thy praise,
Afford thy helpe thy voice to raise.

39.

Thou art too modest, stay and heare,
Depart not so, Ile make appeare,
How thou dost all the world excell,
Turne night to day, come with us dwell.

40.

But if thou dost this thing refuse,
Ile meet thee early with my Muse,
And sing my song amongst all those,
'Twill please thy friends, and shame thy foes.

41.

Thou art impartiall for to hide
Our faults, that thou canst not abide;
Thou tak'st thy time to bring'st about,
Our sinfull folly to set out.

42.

How might we thrive, if we did make,
Good uſe of thee? delight to take,
Advantage ſtill of every day,
And walke ſtill onward on our way.

43.

How vile are ſuch, that doe not prize,
Thee: or againſt thee ſhut their eyes,
The night of darkneſſe they love more,
For thou doſt rub them in the ſore.

44.

Thou doſt not keepe their counſell faſt:
They long for night, and wiſh thee paſt,
That they might ſin, then free from feare,
When they are ſure, thou art not there.

45.

The traytor, he workes in the vault,
When thou art gone, none ſees his fault:
He thinkes; and ſo he workes ſecure,
But thou doſt force him to thy lure.

45.

The theefe though not to bad as he,
Thinkes that when he is rid of thee,
Then he may safely seeke his prey,
Till thou his mischiefe dost bewray.

46.

The whore, with all the baudy crue,
They shun thy face, yet for their due,
Thou bring'st disgrace and open shame,
And mak'st them curs'd in their name.

47.

The Backbiter in secret goes,
And thinkes that thou canst not disclose,
His plots: but thou discoverest all,
And he himselfe receives the fall.

48.

And all that Batt-like seeke to hide,
Themselves from thee, shall be deseride,
Their sins by thee, shall be brought out.
With all heis rabble, and the rout.

49.

Let none but hell-hounds thee despise,
Whose cursed practise doe devise,
To make thee hated, let them dwell,
With darknesse in the lower hell.

50.

Let all that know thee, love thee still,
In heart in minde, in soule, and will,
Let all their actions be divine,
As thine are, so I would have mine.

51.

Light hath a time, it will away,
Let's doe our worke, while we have day,
And love it, that we may receive,
A brighter, when this doth us leave.

52.

Let's doe nothing by day or night,
But what we'd have brought to the light,
Let's love all good, and hate all ill,
We may in light, rejoice our fill.

OF HEAVENLY LIGHT.

53.

But as thou art in heaven now,
To ſet thee forth I know not how;
My praiſe, would but thy worth diſgrace,
And cloud the beauty of thy face.

54.

I never ſaw, nor yet did heare,
How famous in thy glorie, there
Thou art: the leaſt part of thy worth,
The learned'ſt cannot ſet it forth.

55.

The Angels which above doe dwell,
They are moſt fit thy praiſe to tell;
Thou art tranſcendent ſo above,
That God with thee is much in love.

56.

In thee he doth set up his throne,
And thou art so preferr'd that none;
That mortall are, can ere attaine,
To see thee with thy glorious traine.

57.

Thou there immortally dost shine,
Thy splendor never doth decline,
True light indeed thou dost appeare,
I shall not see thee shine so heere.

58.

The Angels do in thee delight,
The Saints doe claime thee as their right,
And Saints and Angels doe rejoyce,
In thee, so he I make thee my choise,

59.

So soone as ere thou hadst thy birth,
Thou wast in Heaven, light on earth,
Is but a shade, as there thou art,
The least that can, be call'd a part.

There is no night to follow thee,
Nor yet eclipse, or shade to be,
Nor spot, nor let, in all thy course,
All these are here, with more, and worse!

61.

Thou large and boundlesse art above,
As heaven is, thou dost not move;
From place to place, as here 'mongst men,
Thou go'st and com'st, and go'st again.

62.

When thou art here, then others stay,
And waite thy leysure, and long stay.
Oft times before thou dost repaire,
To them, they die in darke despaire.

63.

Mistake me not, I doo not chide,
For long thou dost with us abide,
How can I doo, now lesse than desire?
But that thou dost us more admire?

OF LIGHT IN the Soule.

64.

Thou think'st it not enough to light,
Our bodies, but thy splendor bright
Doth pierce our spirits, and we finde,
Thou art of heavens blessed kinde.

65.

Men see and feele, yet cannot well,
Expresse thy might, till thou dost dwell,
A while in them, but then they say,
Light blest art thou, still with us stay.

66.

When thou with power to the soule,
Break'st in, though darknesse thee controule,
'Tis but in vaine for to withstand,
Thy presence hath a great command.

67.

Yet darkneſſe will not cleane goe out,
But lurke in corners like a ſcout,
Yet thou doſt him in corners ſpie,
And doſt his darkneſſe then deſcrie.

68.

'Tis by degrees that thou com'ſt in,
Not all by force, thou ſtriv'ſt to win
The ſoule to love thee, and to bend,
It's power to a bleſſed end.

69.

Though courſe thy entertainment be,
Thou art not pettish, for to flee
From them, though they ſo foolish are,
As not to welcome thee with care.

70.

Thou wilt not grudge, nor yet diſdaine,
The pooreſt ſoule, to entertaine,
Thou wilt as ſoone, to ſuch reſort,
As thoſe that tend the Princely Court.

71.

Thou art a wonder here below,
In the blest soule for to beflow,
Thy light; and others that are by,
See nothing, but in darknesse lye.

72.

Thou art so excellent by kinde,
When thou dost once possesse the minde.
Thou mak'st a little world of glory,
When men relate thy blessed story.

73.

Thou art so bountifull and free,
Though men are blinde, and long to see,
But cannot: yet thou by thy might,
Bring'st them unask't, a better light.

74.

Though light be small, and clowded when,
He first doth enter into men,
Ere long he'l drive all mists away,
And shine in them as perfect day.

75.

Thou mak'ſt the difference to appeare,
When thou doſt ſhine ſo bright, and cleare,
We may perceive, who ſtands for thee,
And who for darkneſſe; curſt they bee.

76.

When thou in man, ſet'ſt up thy throne,
And with thy ſcepter ſway'ſt alone,
Thou like a conquerour doſt ſuppreſſe,
The brood of darkneſſe, more or leſſe.

77.

Thy government is ſweet, yet ſtrong,
'Tis mixt with mildneſſe, and among,
Thou uſeſt motives to aſſwage,
Revenge curſt pride, and luſtfull rage.

78.

Thou labour'ſt man for to exalt,
And doſt; but he is in the fault,
To ſlight thee ſo, and to abuſe,
Thy light, or elſe it little uſe.

79.

Thou should'st command the heart and all,
That is in man, for 'twas in thrall,
Before thou cam'st, then thou by force,
Redeem'st us, else we had grew worse.

80.

Thou mak'st us men, we were but bruits,
The workes of darkneſſe were our fruits,
We were but fooles, and did deſpiſe,
The truth: till thou mad'st us more wiſe.

81.

We were till thou didſt us repaire,
But fleſh and bones, and emptie ayre,
Like Idols eyes that cannot ſee,
Or darkſome Cells, juſt ſo were we.

82.

When we went ſinging on tow'rd hell,
With *Omnia bene*, all is well;
When we to thee had no deſire,
But lov'd darke ſinfull fruiteleſſe fire,

83.

Thou cam'st with power from above,
To bring us tydings of Gods love,
Thou promis't us to meet us there,
Thou usest meanes our hearts to cheere.

84.

Thou guard'st us so, that we may spie,
An evill, when it comes us nigh,
And shewest us meanes for to escape,
Though sin and Sathan on us gape.

85.

And light'st us, secretly, we may
(Unseene of such that would betray
Thee) passe securely by all them,
Guid'st us to new *Jerusalem*.

86.

And then thou never leav'st us more,
But with thy orient splendor store,
Dost fill our eyes, our soules, we shall
Be blest, with Saints, and Angels all.

87.

But left my muſe, ſo wanton prove,
And with thee fall too much in love,
Ile turne the ſtraine, left thee and I,
Act with thee, ſweet Idolatry.

88.

Art thou a creature, and ſo bright,
What then is he that gave thee light,
The mighty God, that breath'd thee forth,
Muſt needs be, of more wondrous worth.

89.

His eyes are clearer than the day,
The Sunne's but darke, to him Ile ſay,
If he with-hold his beames from thee,
What mayſt thou then but darkneſſe be.

90.

He findes that out, which thou canſt not,
And from his light cannot a jot,
Be hid, what ere he brings to thee,
All firſt by him diſcerned be.

91.

The ſmalleſt things both good and bad,
God ſees them all, and ever had
A juſt accompt, he alwayes takes,
View, of what man no reck'ning makes.

92.

At all times, he doth us deſcrie,
And finde our turnings preſently.
There is no darkneſſe with him mixt,
He's here and there, yet ever fixt.

93.

At all times, in all places too,
He is, though we with much adoe,
Cannot be brought to underſtand,
Or thinke he's ſtill ſo neare at hand.

94.

Chriſt was that Light, that did excell,
Though he did in a ſtable dwell,
A while: yet then, ſo perfect cleare,
Our bleſſed day-ſtarre did appeare,

95.

And Light from heaven downe he brought,
Of ſome deſir'd, Of ſome unſought,
For men did rather darkneſſe love,
Then Light, that came from God above.

96.

The bleſſed Spirit, is that Light,
That dwels within, and gives us ſight.
To ſee our ſelves, and to diſcerne,
The good from bad, and makes us learne.

97.

The Light of comfort in diſtreſſe,
Comes ſtill from him, he doth expreſſe,
The Light of Glory to the ſoule,
Where he doth rule without controule.

98.

In heaven God himſelfe's the Light,
Chriſt ruling with his princely might,
The ſpirit ſhines eternally;
They all agree in unitie.

99.

God makes thee as an instrument,
To bring about his blest intent.
To spread thy beames ore all for use,
That they might be without excuse.

100.

God gives thee, as a gift to those,
For helpe, that are thy cursed foes,
To shew his bountie, and his love,
But have no part in thee above.

101.

Nor that, that's graven in the minde,
For that alone, his friends doe finde,
As types of heaven, thou art here,
To them, till they doe see thee there.

102.

Who would not love thee, while they may,
Enjoy thee walking? for thy way,
Is pleasure and delight; let such,
That see thee, chuse thee, prize thee much.

103.

The Light of grace, that's in the heart,
Let's still esteeme it as a part,
Of heaven: and long for the rest,
The light of Glory, with the blest.

104.

Lord raise our hearts, with true desire,
To thee, and let our soules aspire,
With joy, the best part of our glory,
Thou art: with thee I'le end my story.

GEN. 1. 27.

And God said, Let there be bring forth the living thing, according to his kind; and the Cattel according to his kind, and every creeping thing of the earth, according to his kind; and God saw that it was good.

GEN. 2. 7.

The Lord God also made man of the dust of the ground, and breathed in his face the breath of Life, &c.

GAL. 2. 20.

Nevertheless I live; yet not I now, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Sonne of God, who hath loved me, and gave himself for me.

ROM. 6. 23.

The gift of God is eternall life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

GEN. 1. 25.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living thing, according to his kinde, and the Cattell according to his kinde, and every creeping thing of the earth, according to his kinde, and God saw that it was good.

GEN. 2. 7.

The Lord God also made man of the dust of the ground, and breathed in his face the breath of Life, &c.

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Nevertheless I live; yet not I now, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Sonne of God, who hath loved me, and gave himselfe for me.

ROM. 6. 23.

The gift of God is eternall life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

POEMS.

OF LIFE.

The Charge and the Argument.

Of Life in Generall.

I.

MUse, raise thy tune, with lively voyce,
Thy Theame is Life, now for thy choice,
Thou hast varieties to sing:
The Plants, the Beasts, do yeeld their store,
Mans life, by nature, gives thee more
Both sweet and sowre, yet but one thing.

2.

The life of grace, may call thee debter,
If that thou dost not sing the better,
His worth, his beauty, and his praise:
The Life of glory doth excell,
But that thou canst not sing so well,
Except thou wert with him alwayes.

Of Life in Generall, and of the Vegetative Life of Plants.

3.

Life thou wast breath'd from God above,
And art a token of his Love;
To all his creatures thou wast best:
Himselfe in thee, he did set forth,
The living God, of glorious worth,
Shewes how in thee, his workes are blest.

4.

Thou giv'ſt a Luſter to the earth,
All beauty, joy, and pleaſant mirth,
Attend thy preſence with good will:
Thou art the forme of orders frame,
And thou art bleſſed, in thy name:
And all the world doe praiſe thee ſtill.

5.

The plants that live a ſenſeleſſe life,
To ſhew thy vertue, are at ſtrife;
For to exceed in growth each other:
They gratifie thy kindneſſe when,
They bring forth fruit to pleaſure men:
Thy fruitfulneſſe they doe not ſmother.

6.

Some for the taſte ſo pleaſant are,
Some phyſicall, are found ſo rare,
As ſome are pleaſant to the eye:
Thou in them all, hadſt firſt a being,
In feeding, clothing, and in ſeeing,
And ſhew'ſt a lively majeſty.

7.

A little seed, thou makst me be,
A comely, sweet, and fruitfull tree;
And colours shine, so in a flower,
That all may say, thou art a guest,
To be esteem'd above the rest;
For all increase is by thy power.

8.

And when they are besieg'd with cold,
Which threatens death, yet thou art bold,
To keepe possession under ground:
Fast in the roots, there thou dost dwell,
So close, that none can thee expell;
Thy private holes cannot be found.

9.

When thou with patience, and with strength,
Hast overcome thy foes at length;
Then thou in triumph dost display,
Thy lively colours every where;
And thou dost smile with pleasing cheere,
Then all our sorrow turnes to joy.

10.

Then sweet and mildely, thou dost raigne,
Not tyrant-like, by force to gaine,
A kingdome: for it is thy due
Thou dost advance the feeble plants,
That hangs the head, and succour wants,
That gav'st them garments, fresh and new.

11.

But if they doe receive a wound,
Then thou dost languish in a sound,
With griefe; till thou art forc't to part:
But if he leave a stocke behinde,
Then for his sake thou art so kinde,
That thou dost cherish up his heart.

12.

But if that we desire to use,
The plants, thou wilt not us refuse,
But of them freely we may take
A better life, for to preserve:
So every meanes thou dost observe,
Deni'st thy selfe those for mans sake.

13.

They put their mouthes, and ſuck reliefe,
From earth their mother being chiefe,
For native ſoile, to feed them ſtill:
She never yet was knowne to grutch,
Though they did draw never ſo much;
From her, but each one had his fill.

14.

Unleſſe they were from place to place,
Remov'd, as ſtrangers in that caſe:
So ſtrange might be their welcome cheare:
But when acquaintance grew they found,
Such food; that profit to the ground
They brought, and bleſſings left they there.

15.

They cannot walke, but being fixt,
Their profit is with pleaſure mixt.
Thou doſt not vagrants of them make,
But where we leave them, there they ſtay.
And thou doſt watch them, that we may
Still of their fruits in plenty take.

16.

Thou art in fruit, when it is drie,
Being ſcortcht or drown'd ſtill thou doſt lye,
In it, the quinteſſence to prove;
Or elſe our meate, and drinke would be,
But dead ſteps, to our miſerie:
In this we finde thy conſtant love.

OF THE SENSI-tive Life of Beaſts.

17.

The beaſts that live of reaſon voide,
Thou art by ſenſe of them enjoy'd,
They love thy preſence, and they ſhew
That they beholding to thee are:
They to preſerve thee have a care,
As though they did thy goodneſſe know.

18.

They know the meanes, and doe desire,
Their food, as wages for their hire
To maintaine life, the ground of all:
The worke or service that they doe,
Thy principles doe manage too.
If thou dost leave them downe they fall.

19.

They seeke to finde a place of ease,
And as a friend they would thee please,
To shew that they doe thee regard;
And if they finde it, then they take,
Delight, it's all still for thy sake,
But thou dost them for this reward.

20.

They shun the meanes that would destroy
Thee, they resist, or run away,
When feare of losing thee they double:
They use thy power, claime a right
In thee: as Beasts they doe delight,
Yet cannot rightly see thee out.

21.

They live in pastures pleasantly,
And never thinke of dangers nigh,
Thou giv'st them freely such content,
By sense they know no time but that,
Till with thy friendship, they grow fat:
Then death their pleasures doe prevent.

22.

At last they struggle so for life,
And with the butchers are at strife,
To keepe thee still, and thou dost greeve,
But yet by force, thou must depart,
Though it doth vexe thee to the heart,
They cry, thou canst not them releeve.

23.

Thou mak'st them nimble, active, strong,
And comely too, but then ere long,
When thou dost part, deformed they
Remaine: and never have thee more.
Thou hast no life for them in store,
When once thou tak'st thy flight away.

OF THE LIFE OF Reason in men: Or, Natural Life.

24.

Tdis doth not trouble thee so much,
To part with plants, or beasts as such
As live a life of Reason, then,
Thou hadst thy being here below,
That thou thy selfe, might'st now bestow,
Most freely on the Sonnes of men.

25.

The grasse that lives for Beasts, does die,
And beasts for men, good reason why,
That they might live to serve the Lord,
In this let Life with us agree,
To differ plants, and beasts, from we,
Then we with Life shall still agree.

26.

To man thou art the sweetest thing,
For thou all comfort still dost bring.
Thy presence gives content to all.
They spend their meanes thee to maintaine,
What ere they lose, if thee they gaine,
Thou dost delight both great and small.

27.

Thou giv'st a beautie to the face,
And thou art still the comeli'st grace,
To all; there's nothing like to thee,
Though thou art seated in the heart,
Thou do'st appeare in every part,
And thou alone, thy selfe canst see.

28.

And thou of all, art much desir'd,
And with the world they'l not be hir'd.
To leave thee: but to thee as right,
Doe yeeld themselves, and doe obey
Thee; and by walking on their way,
They shew thy glory, and thy might.

29.

Thou cauſeſt clods of earth to walke,
And giv'ſt us breath, by thee we talke,
And knowledge too, for to diſcerne,
What's good, what's bad, and ſo we chuſe
The good, and doe the bad refuſe.
And by them we may ever learne.

30.

Thou ſtil deſireſt our good,
Such naturall convenient food,
That thou thy freedome might'ſt enlarge,
To us thy love thou doſt expreſſe,
To have us ſhun all vaine exceſſe:
And thou at all times bear'ſt the charge.

31.

When once thou doſt a danger ſpie,
Thou giv'ſt us warning preſently,
And ſhew'ſt that thou doſt us eſteeme,
But if we cannot it avoid,
But muſt with trouble be annoyd,
Thou doſt us labour to redeeme.

But if thou canst not with thy skill,
Relieve us in our sorrow still,
With us thou stayst to bear a part;
For thou dost grieve to see us weep,
And wait'st our leisures while we sleep,
Which brings some ease unto the heart.

Much miserie thou dost endure,
With us, and yet thou never art sure,
To be rewarded for thy paines;
Thou stay'st with us a little while,
Thou dost but come and give a smile,
We cannot call thee here our gaine.

Alas, I cannot but lament,
For thou hast still a true intent,
To doe us good, thou dost indeavour;
But we thy proffers doe abuse,
Or else so sleightly doe them use,
There's cause of feare, to lose thee ever.

Thou'rt gone sometimes, before we know,
How to enjoy thee here below;
Thou dost on sudden take thy time,
We judge thee comming on a pace,
But thou dost leave us in disgrace,
When we are comming to our prime.

If thou dost tarry with old age,
Then like a Bird within the cage,
Thou long'st still for thy liberty:
For there thou canst not use thy strength,
Yet thou art quiet, then at length,
You both are freed from misery.

God breath'd thee first, in the beginning,
In man, but he lost thee by sinning.
And ever since thou art so strange,
Thou art a tennant here at will,
There is no lease, though we try still,
We cannot know our time of change.

38.

We cannot say, 'tis long of thee,
That we endure such miserie,
But 'tis from change we doe receive,
Such bitter potions in this world,
But when we in our graves are burl'd,
Then thou of us dost take thy leave.

39.

Thou dost not bring us to distresse,
But we bring thee into holesse,
Our sins thy vigor so doe quell,
That if there were no other course,
To drive thee out, we should grow worse,
Till we did thee from us expell.

40.

Thy foes are many, great and strong,
They dwell in Garrisons among,
Thy souldiers, and they pitch their tents,
Surpriz'd thou art within the field,
And death doth come, which makes thee yeeld
With engines, and with instruments.

41.

Men have not here enough of thee,
That live in pride and follie,
Thou act'ſt thy part, then thou art gone,
Alas thy Scene here is ſo ſhort,
They cannot ſhew their ſinfull ſport,
As they would, then they make their mone.

42.

They doe not draw their Ceſterne dry,
Nor ſuck the ſweet, nor ſore ſo high,
Nor do that miſchiefe they deſire,
They have not time to bring to paſſe,
Their curſed ends; their empie glaſſe,
Doth ſhew death comes, and bring their hire.

43.

Men make thee ſhorter, than thou art,
By playing here ſo vile a part,
They drinke, or curſe thee out of doore,
They love thee not, ſo well as thoſe
Thing that take thee away; and foes
They to themſelves appeare therefore.

44.

How few are there, that set thee forth,
In practice, or to spread thy worth;
Doe praise thee in a living frame?
They hide thee so in heapes of dust,
That thou art eaten up with rust:
Men cannot know thee, but by name.

45.

Thou wilt away, ere it be long,
Who would not use thee being strong,
Set out thy beautie in its kinde:
Let's all indeavour while we may,
With life t'enjoy a happie day,
Shew that we live in heart and minde.

46.

Let principles within us move,
Still to the fruits of living love,
Towards God and man, that we may shew,
That we have not our lives in vaine,
But of them make such blessed gaine,
That others may its power know.

47.

Thy props decay, ere thou doſt fall,
With want, diſeaſe, afflictions all,
Conſpire againſt thy living breath,
Thy comforts die, and leave thee here,
Thy joyfull preſence turnes to feare,
And who ſo welcome then as death.

48.

Thou hid'ſt thy ſelfe within the breaſt,
But death will never let thee reſt,
But hunts thee till he drives thee thence,
Life takes his leave upon the lips,
Away in ſilence, then he skips
Unſeene, but miſt with preſent ſenſe.

49.

But thee, I cannot chuſe but blame,
Me thinkes thou haſt an empeic name,
How can I truly call thee Life?
When evils come, thou giv'ſt us ſenſe,
And ſo we have for recompence,
The fruits of ſin, which turnes to ſtrife,

50.

Moſt men doe thee deſire long,
When they are active, rich and ſtrong,
And live in pleaſure, health, and eaſe,
If they old age and ſorrow ſee,
Thou doſt increaſe their miſerie,
Thy friendſhip turnes unto diſeaſe.

51.

A ſtab, diſeaſe, or guſt of winde,
Will turne thee out, thou art inclin'd,
For ſmall occaſions to diſtaſte,
Thou leav'ſt us ſtill to pay the rent,
We for thy ſake, are often ſhent,
Thou leav'ſt the houſe ruin'd and waſted.

52.

When thou art parting, then the eye,
Growes dimme, the viſage preſently,
Doth looke ſo dreadfull, and ſo pale,
The feet and hands doe grow ſo cold,
The bodie faſhions to the moulde,
The tongue that falters in the tale.

53.

If we could see thee there, we'd stay,
But thou dost slily glide away,
And leave the creature, deafe and dumbe,
Me thinkes thou shouldst thy house repaire,
And make it wholsome, sweet and faire,
What, wilt thou to it, no more come?

54.

But when thou art thus forc't to part,
And tak'st thy *vale* of the heart,
Then sad and dismall is thy voice,
That heavie parting, wrings out teares,
With greefe and anguish, mixt with feares.
Our friends will grieve, our foes rejoyce.

55.

What horrour doe poore men conceive,
When thou dost take thy solemne leave,
Which leaves no hope to meet againe,
The shadow then of death indeed,
Makes way for hell, he sowes such seed,
The fruit of which, is endlesse paine.

56.

VVe are arrested for thy debt,
And in a prison we are set,
A yard at least, within the ground;
And thou the principall art gone,
And we must beare the brunt alone,
Non est inventus, gives a sound.

57.

Now life doe thou my counsell take,
'Gainst sin and death, a partie make,
And in defiance ever stand:
Take courage to thee, shew thy power,
And let them not the world devoure,
Then live thou blessed in the land.

OF THE NEW LIFE.

OR, THE LIFE OF Grace in the Soule.

58.

New Life and true, when thou art made,
Within the soule, thou dost not fade,
But dost thy freshnesse still retaine,
Thou art not subject then to die,
Above all ill thou dost espie,
Such things: as brings in perfect gaine.

59.

Thou li'ſt ſo cloſe unto the ſoule,
There is no power can controule,
Thy bleſſed ſtate, or yet remove,
Thy ſiege; for thou haſt made it ſtrong:
And thou haſt patience us among,
There thou art conſtant in thy love.

60.

Confuſion, deadneſſe, did beſet,
Our hearts, till victʼry thou didʼſt get,
Ore us, and brought us into frame,
And thou at all times doſt thy beſt,
To ſettle living peace and reſt,
Ore us: to bring a bleſſed name.

61.

We cannot ſee nor apprehend,
Thee; but thou doſt thy power bend,
Which doth thy preſence then diſcover,
That men unskild in art may read,
Thy booke of life, being open ſpread,
Thou art an upright conſtant lover.

62.

Though thou art weakned there ſometimes,
By treachery, and hainous crimes,
That men doe thinke thy force is raiſ'd,
Yet cauſe thou canſt with freſh ſupply,
Of new fetcht power from on high,
Quicken repentant ſoules, thou'rt prais'd.

63.

And if thou doſt receive a wound,
Or elſe through faintneſſe in a ſwound,
Fall: then thou haſt a preſent cure,
The bloud of him, that once was ſlaine.
By death, he did thy freedome gaine.
This thou apply'ſt, and doſt endure.

64.

Thou art a ſhelter to all thoſe,
To whom thou doſt thy ſelfe diſcloſe:
A faithfull friend thou art indeed,
What they doe lend thee, thou doſt pay,
And with increaſe, much every day,
Thou doſt returne their fruitfull ſeed.

65.

In troubles thou doſt us defend,
If thou canſt not our ſorrowes end,
Thou doſt ſupport us in the ſame:
Thou doſt our parts then ever take,
We are belov'd, 'tis for thy ſake,
Who would not joy, to heare thy name.

66.

Thou little waſt at firſt, but thou
Doſt much increaſe, we know not how,
Thou doſt not alwayes grow by ſence;
But afterwards we may perceive,
That thou doſt with us vigor leave,
So fruitfull is thy recompence.

67.

Comely and ſweet, needs thou muſt be,
Thou cam'ſt from heaven, ſo that we,
Doe entertaine the heavens gueſt;
And this is all thy drift I know,
For to inſtruct us here below,
And then to lead us to our reſt.

68.

In heaven ſtill remaines thy ſpring,
While we on earth thy praiſes ſing,
So we can never draw thee dry:
The more we have, the more we may,
Draw from thy fulneſſe; more I ſay,
We have it free, we need not buy.

69.

Thy root's above, yet thou art here,
I nere knew any graffe to beare,
So diſtant as you ſeeme to be;
But when I finde thy root doe grow,
By faith in men, as thou doſt now,
My differing thoughts doe then agree.

70.

Thou art ſo comely to behold,
If I had art, thee to unfold,
I'd ſhew the beautie of thy face,
That men ſhould thee ſo much admire,
And love ſhould kindle ſuch deſire,
As for thy love, to ſue a pace.

71.

But thou art ſhadow'd ſo with ſin,
Men cannot know thee ſo within,
As otherwiſe, thou would'ſt appeare,
And miſconceits, doe vale thee too,
We cannot finde with much adoe
Thy glory out, though ne're ſo cleare.

72.

And men that are but poore and baſe,
In outward things, yet in this caſe,
Excell: they ſeeme thy face to hide,
The world thinkes not, that poore aray,
Can harbour thee, that art ſo gay,
The truth of this is dayly tri'd.

73.

Men thinke there is no difference,
'Twixt thee, and thy ſweet influence,
And naturall life, that is ſo poore,
They prize that more, for that they know,
Which lives by ſenſe, like beaſts below,
Till they have ſpent their fading ſtore.

74.

Thou doſt preſerve the chiefeſt part,
The ſoule; and guardeſt ſo the heart,
And living comforts doſt bring in,
All other ſweetneſſe dies apace,
And leaves their maſters in diſgrace,
They are like blanks, which nothing winne.

75.

Men cannot have of thee too much,
Nor yet doſt thou to any grutch,
Thy ſtrength at need, if they thee chuſe,
And thou doſt uſe thy mighty power,
Againſt all thoſe that would devoure,
Them, or their life ſeeke to abuſe.

76.

All things that furthers thy increaſe,
The fruit of Joy, the word of peace,
Thou doſt them uſe as excellent,
With all good meanes, thou doſt agree,
To helpe our growth's as we may ſee,
To make us lively, is thy bent.

77.

Thy fruit is pleaſant, for to taſte,
And faire, plentifull and vaſte,
They onely know it, that doe finde.
Thee, in their ſoules; and they can tell,
How thou in goodneſſe doſt excell,
Thy praiſes pleaſe well ſuch a minde.

78.

But they that to this life are ſtrange,
And never knew what 'tis to change,
They ſee no favour in thy face,
Nay, ſome will ever be at ſtrife,
For ſuch as ſtand for thee their life,
And would thy Image quite deface.

79.

Thou art not ſtain'd with hateſull pride,
Nor any other ſin beſide;
Thou keep'ſt thy ſelfe, ſtill free from all,
Though we ſin here, 'tis ſo we muſt,
Till we are levell with the duſt,
But thou doſt bring our ſoules from thrall.

80.

Thou art ſo like a Turtle true,
When death doth claime us for his due,
Thou would'ſt not leave us, till the laſt;
The ſoule then too, enjoyes her fill,
Of thee, and dwels in heaven ſtill,
Wiſhing that that black ſtorme were paſt.

OF THE LIFE OF GLORIE.

81.

At laſt the bodie thou wilt meet,
With triumph and with joy ſo ſweet,
To welcome home thy antient friend;
The bodie and the ſoule rejoyce,
That ever they made thee their choyce,
This joy ſhall never have an end.

82.

Now thou in heaven doſt excell,
Thy glory there, I cannot tell,
How to expreſſe the leaſt degree:
The Saints above, that weare thy crowne,
Can truly blaze, thy rich renowne,
I wiſh that I were there to ſee.

83.

No death, nor ſorrow there doth waite,
There is no ſin, to lay a baite,
Nor yet the ſhadow of diſtreſſe,
There is no cauſe of feare, for ever,
The Divell durſt nere to indeavour,
For to attempt thee more or leſſe.

84.

Thou art ſo full of beautie then,
Thou ſhin'ſt ſo in the ſoules of men,
Their bodies doe enjoy the ſame,
Their ſoules and bodies are more bright,
Than ſtarres are in the cleareſt night,
All life to this, doth ſeeme but lame.

85.

That's nothing elſe but light divine,
Thou in the meaneſt Saint doſt ſhine,
Tranſparently, and ſweetly ſtill,
All Saints and Angels doe accord,
With thee to praiſe the living Lord,
And all of them there have their fill.

86.

Thou art ſo active too, that now,
All things are pleaſure to thee; thou,
No ſtop at all haſte in thy wayes;
Thy vigor's quicke and nimble too,
The worke that thou haſt there to doe,
The living God, 'tis ſtill to praiſe.

87.

Thy glory is exceeding great,
O tree of life, who of thee eate,
Are no way ſubject to decay.
And all that doe enjoy thee there,
Their glory doth in thee appeare,
Moſt bleſſed evermore are they.

88.

The God of life doth honour give,
To thee himſelfe doth with thee live,
Thy worth is farre above the skie,
He rules by thee, and in his Love,
Thou ſhalt be bleſt with him above,
Paſt time, to all eternitie.

FINIS.

POEMS,
Pleaſant and Profitable.

THE ARRAIGNMENT,

Together with the condemnation of Sinne, and Death.

OR,

A Diſcovery of the alluring ſleights of Sinne.

And then Tormenting.

For which he is accuſed, and legally condemned.

So likewiſe Death being unſatiable, he's accus'd and condemned.

A Repreive beg'd by Sathan for them; granted by the Lord, upon condition.

Whereunto are added, ſundry Directions and Inſtructions, for our converſations touching Sinne and Death.

BY *H. M.*

London Printed, by *John Dawſon.* 1639.

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THE ALLVRING SLEIGHTS OF SIN, AND PROMISES.

First, for the Thoughts.

The Argument, with charge to *the Muse.*

MUse, raise thy voice, arm'd with revenge (to sin,
Disclose his plots, and evidence give in

Against him; though he his defence do make,
Daſht with reply, for the poore ſinners ſake,
Bring verdict in, then ſentence let him be,
To hell: his pleaders judge to miſerie.

The alluring nature of ſinne.

When ſinne with heavens Angels found ſucceſſe,
And ſince that time (on earth) hath found no leſſe,
It goes on ſtill, to bring men downe to hell,
Where Sathan is, which once above did dwell.
Yet for reward, doth promiſe much content,
So ſerpent like, it doth men circumvent.
Sinne firſt begins, much like a rubbing ſore,
A little give, that little cals for more.
Thus many littles doo riſe to a ſumme,
And ſo inſnar'd from ſin, then few do come.
Man loves his ſin, but ſin returnes him hate,
Man bids a price, but ſin holds up its rate.
Man gives his hand, his eye, or any part,
All will not ſerve, till ſin hath got the heart.
What think'ſt thou me (ſaith ſin) to be ſo baſe,
That give delight, to any of that race?
That doth me love, and tread my pleaſant wayes,
He give thee mirth, come now fulfill my joyes,
If rich thou wilt, then rich thou ſure ſhalt be,
Or to be great; He greatneſſe promiſe thee,

If

If to be wise, thou set thy hearts desire,
Come follow me, and men shall thee admire.
Name what thou wilt, and thou shalt have thy (minde;
Unto me onely loving be and kinde.
Ile change my selfe, to Angell shape to please,
Thy humours fond, and so I will thee ease.
If merry thou, then merry will I be,
If sad thou art, Ile seeme to greeve for thee;
If play thou wilt, then will I make thee sport,
And shew my face, when thou art all amort.
Come please thy thoughts: thy thoughts are now as mine,
Thy thoughts are free, to sin thy thoughts incline,
Sometimes to pride, sometimes to lust and rage,
Sometime to scorne the best men of the age.
Sometime sin past, let on thy thoughts long stay,
Sometime let present sin, drive that away:
Sometime thy thoughts for sin to come, be prest,
Till it come forth, let thy thoughts never rest,

The desperate temptation of sinne, to vile words.

And let thy words be lying, proud, and stout,
Still make thy selfe, the best of all the rout:
Great words of slanders, malice, strife, & wrong,
Why art thou made, but thus to use thy tongue?

Say what thou wilt, to any, never care,
Speake loftily to fooles, they'l thinke thee rare,
Draw men with words to me, ile thee reward,
When they by meanes of thee, doe me regard,
Plead thou for sinne, but for the adverse part,
Sweare, curse them down, & vex them to the hart.

The cursed temptation of sin, to hellish practises.

So let thy practise answerable be.
To thoughts and words, as thou hast learn'd of me.
Deny no sin, no pride, or wanton lust.
Grow rich by fraud, see on the world thou trust.
What needst thou care (for rich) when thou art
Both full and fat, with the deceitfull bread. (fed,
And for the poore, what are the poore to thee?
Care for thy selfe, poore thou in time maist be.
Get what thou canst, returne it not againe,
And seeke thy ease, though others are in paine.
And if on any, goods or money spend,
Let boon such, as such like things intend.
Resort to such, as goe in the same way,
Which Sathans guard, attend on every day.
Care not to pray, good books read not, nor heare,
Love pleasant things, for back and belly cheare:
Detract from good men, see thou honour give,
To those that serve me, and most rudely live.

Shame

Shame truth in practiſe, out of favour ſtrike it,
Be ſtill perverſe, and I ſhall ever like it,
And to obſerve theſe things be thou addreſt,
What's wanting now, ere long ſhall be expreſt.

The blaſphemous conſent of the ſinner to the temptations of ſinne.

If this be true, that ſinne doth promiſe me,
Ile follow it, and ſo we ſhall agree.
To pleaſe my ſelfe ſhall be my chiefeſt care,
Oppoſe me not: I thinke no man doth dare.
Why ſhould I not in ſinfull thoughts delight?
Why ſhould I not ſpeake proudly in deſpight?
Ile be perverſe, in practiſe, ſay who will,
Turne backe thy heart, in ſinne take not thy fill.
What can I wiſh, but pleaſure and content?
This I ſhall have, I need not to repent.
I ſhall be rich and great, I like it well,
And counted wiſe, with them 'mongſt whom I dwell.
Why ſhould I live a melancholy life?
And loſe the ſweet of ſinne to purchaſe ſtrife?
I am not bound to any, rich or poore,
Get what I can, Ile part with nere the more,
Unleſſe it be to ſuch, as love ſins hire,
Feare not the fable of eternall fire:
Good men, and goodneſſe, I will ſtill diſgrace,
Ere I have done, truth ſhall not ſhew her face.

Ile be a refuge to the vilest sort,
To jeere Religion, shall be still my sport:
So Ile goe on in sin, without controule,
What dost thou mean? speak thou immortal soul.

A divine speech of the Soule to the bodie.

Why dost thou thus adde daily sinne to sinne?
Why dost thou gender horror thus within?
Why dost thou sell thy self, wch once was bought,
With *Christ* his bloud (for sin) which brings thee
Shame and confusion follow thee in hast, (nought.
All thy delights, then quickly will be past:
Why wast thou made, that thou dost thy indeavor
Going about to purchase hell for ever?
Or what have I done, that thou sellst me quite,
For aye to dwell, with everlasting night?
Wast thou not made to helpe and succour me?
Was I not made to teach and comfort thee?
Was not Gods Image stampt upon me when,
He breath'd me life, as he did other men?
Why labor'st thou, to make me like the devill?
Who can be lesse, when he hath done so evill?
Thou art become a prison to me now,
And to be freed (alas) I know not how,
Open this prison, that I must not doe,
By violence; for that is sinfull too.

O that I had but freedome for to flie,
From this dunghill, that doth upon me lie,
Then to the mountaine of eternall reſt,
There would I live, and dwell among the bleſt.

The ſpeech of the Soule workes effectually bringing the Sinner to the brinke of deſpaire.

Alas poore ſoule, thy lamentation greeves me,
Nothing I have, of what ſinne ſaith he gives me?
But horrid conſcience with his dreadfull ſtore,
Brings evils on me, and theſe call for more.
Sin promis'd ſweet, the ſowre comes in place,
And credit too, and for it comes diſgrace:
And to be rich, but who ſo poore as I?
My wiſedome is, true folly I deſcrie.
Nothing of truth doth once from ſin proceed,
Sin is untruth, in thought, in word, and deed:
Thy painted face, I doe defie and ſcorne,
Woe worth the time that ever I was borne,
To make a league with thee, the mouth of hell,
Where I ere long (I feare) muſt goe to dwell.

Every

Every Creature brings report of vengeance.

When to the heavens, I doe lift mine eye,
They all at once, my sins so great defie.
And doe disdaine, to smile upon me so,
I apprehend, each one is turn'd my foe.
When I a storme or tempest see appeare,
My thoughts are troubled with perplexed feare.
The fiery storme that never will blow ore,
I thinke comes toward, for me laid up in store,
I being foule; or if the weather faire,
It shames me quite, and fils me with despaire:
And if a Christian meet me, I thinke then,
I shame the company of all such men,
If one as vile (I note) as I have beene,
He brings fresh torment, such is seldome seene.
When in the streets I goe, I feare some tile,
Will vengeance take, on me that am so vile.
A beast I see at slaughter, then I sorrow,
'Tis thine to day (thinke I) it's mine to morrow:
And when I eate or drinke, I feare Gods hand,
With vengeance in mouth, will cut me from the land.
The little Birds that lift their notes on high,
With pleasant tunes my foulnesse doe defie,
They free from care, ten thousand on me waite,
They flye from snares, sin takes me with its baite.

The

The earth I tread on, murmures for to beare me,
All things upon't, with one consent do feare me:
And when it's chopt, me thinks it threats to swal-
Me quicke: for I still in my sin do wallow: (low,
Of raine that falls, to cause a pleasant crop,
I feare ere long, to be deni'd one drop.
VVhen heapes of dust, in pit's cast, I think still,
All such as I, th'infernall pit must fill,
VVhen I see men, cut downe the tender grasse,
Then fearful thoughts within my breast do passe,
Thinking I see Times sithe, (that is sins hire)
To make me fewell for devouring fire.
When night draws on the day then draws away,
It's like that night, that never will decay,
That utter darknesse which in hell will be,
The thoughts of which, adde to my miserie.
VVhen I put off my rayment, then thinke I,
The wormes will come to supper by and by:
VVhen I lye downe (in bed) desiring sleepe,
My body hath no rest, my soule doth weepe.
If slumber, doth but once, possesse mine eyes,
My cõscience calls for wrath, for vengeance cries.
The starres that twinckle when I chance to see,
They seem to blush at my deformitie.
VVhen morning light appeareth to my sight,
I wish for wings, to fit me for a flight.
Lest that I should bring me naked on the stages,
And make me odious to all after ages.

Thus am I ſtill afraid, of time and place,
And every thing, my ruine brings a pace.
Help I have none, the Lord he will not heare me,
For when I pray, his angry lookes doe feare me:
Sathan ſtands by, and claimes me for his owne,
Sin helpes me not; by ſin I'm overthrowne.

Sinne failes of his promiſes, and doomes the Sinner to miſerie.

Now ſin ſpeaks truth, that ſeldome truth doth tel,
I will thee helpe, but 't ſhall be into hell;
What thou haſt done, I pray thee blame not me,
For what I 'ue done, my office ſets me free,
I am enabled by the devils power,
For to enlarge his kingdome every houre:
VVhy ſhould not I thus promiſe much content?
Although the truth be far frō ſuch event: (pride,
How would ſuch fooles brought be to luſt and
Were not il things, as good things beautified?
Thou car'dſt for none, who now doth care for (thee?
Away, be gone into thy miſerie.

By Faith and Prayer, hee claimes an intereſt in Gods mercie.

O Lord this horror juſtly falles upon me,
The rage of ſinne, and Sathan lies upon me.

And

And now I ſincke, for ever, to the darke,
Eternall pit; where helliſh curres doe barke:
All comforts faile. Lord if thou faile me too,
I am undone, to make no more adoe.
Was never none reſtor'd, that was ſo bad?
Was never none brought backe, and mercy had?
Thy hand was up, and yet thou did'ſt not ſtrike,
Save me, for I my former wayes diſlike:
My ſins are great, greater thy mercies are,
My ſins are many, more thy mercies farre. (ſure,
What though my ſins exceed in weight & mea-
Thou with a word canſt eaſe me at thy pleaſure.
My ſinnes doe but as creatures ſins appeare,
But mercie from a God, frees men from feare.
VVhy did'ſt thou ſend thy ſon frō heaven to die
But them to ſave, that under wrath did lye?
And ſo to free from under Sathans band,
And to redeeme poore, captives by his hand?
And I am one, that in my ſight am loſt,
Seeke me againe, let Sathans will be croſt.
And then will I thy goodneſſe ſtill unfold,
And cauſe poore ſinners mercy to behold.

Her findes ſucceſſe in his ſuit with God.

Alas poore man! I pitie on thee take,
I doe intend, thee my redeem'd to make:

Tho

Thou shalt from sinne and Sathan be set free,
Onely, thou shalt be servant unto me.
I heard thy mone, my bowels could not stay,
To grant thy suit no longer Ile delay.
Thy dreadfull passion came before my sight,
Then my compassion sent down heavenly light:
I will thee make an instrument of praise.
To fight with sin and Sathan, all thy dayes.
Seeing I have brought thy soule and body back,
From hell, whether sin commanded thee to pack,
And after thou hast serv'd me herein love,
Then thou shalt dwell with me in heaven above.
And sin and death, that sought to ruine thee,
Shall be arraign'd, and both condemn'd by me.

The nature of Death, with his unsatiable speech and lamentation.

VVhen death by sin, had once possest the earth,
And found that man was mortall made by birth,
Still since that time, he strikes at all mankinde,
As well the great, as those that come behinde.
The first man living, though a mighty King,
Death ventred on, and struck him with his sting.
All good & bad, that liv'd in ancient time, (prime.
Though some liv'd long, yet some died in their
The best that ever on the earth had breathe,
Though free from sin, yet was not freed frō death

So till this day experience proveth true,
He darts down some and claimes the rest for due.
His hungry jawes will ner'e be satisfied,
While one doth live and on the earth abide.
And if that once the man that lives he have.
Brought down to death he bars him in the grave
And so triumphs, and rules among the slaine,
For where his kingdome is there he doth raigne.
When he hath pill'd the world, of all her store,
Though this is done (yet) still he wishes more.
O, that there were an other world or two,
I would to worke and make no more adoe.
O that I might but use, my kingly power,
Then I would seek mans ruine every hower.
Graves yeeld no food, that give me such content,
As living, flesh, to that my mind is bent.
Nothing there is, so pleasant to my taste,
As lives of men, when I doe lay them waste.
What, am I made a King but for a time?
No power can I use, amongst the slime,
Unlesse it be, the silly wormes to slay,
That can I in the least part of the day.
I thought I should have been a King for ever,
Sin set me up I doing my indeavour.
Perform'd the worke that I was bid to doe.
I fear'd no man for I was hardy too.
Assure, so quicke, for ira little space,
All nations, people were brought in deadly case.

And

And muſt I needs giue ore this mighty trading?
Which cõſtant was, though all the world was fa-
This is not all (I think) I heard ſome ſay, (ding.
I muſt be bound ore to the judgement day:
If it be ſo, I my defence will make,
As Kings of all their ſubjects, plaice doe take.
Untill that time, you'l heare no more of me,
How ſtands the caſe, then all the world ſhall ſee.

Sinnes probable deſtinie.

Sinne's now accus'd, with all his ſinfull crimes.
Laid to his charge, 'tis corrupt are the times:
The righteous man, which doth againſt ſin ſtand,
Is very like to have the upper hand.
Unto the ſeate of Juſtice ſin is brought,
An equall judge doth never ſtand for nought.
But tries the truth, and gives to each his due,
When once of it, he hath had a carefull view.

Sinne being apprehended, is accuſed before an impartiall Judge.

Sinne hath me vext, ere ſince I had a being,
And all men elſe, that carefull are in ſeeing:
Shall finde him plotting miſchiefe with his will,
With malice, murther, ſtriving for to kill.

The

The ſeed of good, that in mans heart are ſowne,
And every plant that is not of his owne.
If one be good, that hee would from him take,
If one be bad, he tries him worſe to make.
From bad to worſe: from worſe, to worſt of all,
More could I ſay, ſin counts theſe things but ſmal.

Sinnes vile anſwer and Requeſt.

Anſwer to this, what, is this true or no?
Tis all but lyes, he is my deadly foe.
He ſpeakes for malice his words have no favor,
Hee's but a foole, and thinkes to curry favour.
Becauſe (forſooth) I am not ſo preciſe,
Though I doe ſweare, he tells as many lies.
He hates my waies, and I hate his as much,
I doe him ſcorne as alſo loath to touch.
What though in mirth I take my liquor well,
What though I brawle, & rail with them I dwel.
What though I play and ſport, both day & night,
Though I blaſpheme, and court what I might.
I force no man if I can any draw
With craft or fraud, I hold it in good law.
This I will add, I'le open all my ſtore,
Seeing he is vext, I'le vexe him ten times more
Becauſe indeed, I doe not often pray,
And when I doe, my heart ſhall be away.

He'd have me read, and heare a blacke reproach,
Poore foolish things, yet farre above my reach.
Pray Sir consider (this) and free me quite,
Out of the hands of this malicious wight.

The Impartiall Judge his answer, he turnes over Sinne and Death, to be tried by the Judge of the world.

Now well it is, I heard you each one single,
But thy vile words have made my eares to tingle,
What he did say, thy words have now made
What cāst expect, but Gods eternal curse? (worse
His words are true, thine most unjust appeare,
Sin's the Delinquent, the Righteous man I cleare;
Ile turne thee over to that righteous Judge,
To whom the world must yeeld, though many
There thy confession, shalbe on record, (grudge.
Besides the rest, that will come word for word:
I have no baile, must I in prison lye?
That matters not, from God thou canst not flye:
And Death, of whom I heare such ill report,
I understand to be thy great comfort,
Call him to me? it's no matter, let him stay,
Both are reserv'd unto a greater day.
The righteous man, that did thee apprehend,
Will ruine thee, thou canst it not defend.

And

And Death by Life, will be undone alſo,
Your ſeeming friends, each one will turne a foe.

The Righteous man hath leave granted to proſecute Sinne, and Life to proſecute Death.

Who's that below, that faine would ſpeak with
A poore ſinner (Lord) that lies in miſerie. (mee?
What is that other, which by thee doth ſtand?,
Lord this is Life, that doth preſerve a land. (breath?
What would yee have? ſpeak both, for both have
Free me from ſin. Free me (likewiſe) from death.
What hath Sin done, or Death, ſeeing you deſire?
Sin promis'd good; but death comes for ſins hire.
Here they are both, give us both leave to ſpeake,
If thou deny Lord, both our hearts will breake:
Both ſpeak your minds, the Saints I made the
All that doe ill, are like to taſte my fury. (Jewry,
Now ſinner ſpeake, for righteous made thou art,
Not by thy workes; in Chriſt thou haſt a part,
Life ſtay a while, a little ſilent be,
Then thou ſhalt ſpeak, and none ſhal hinder thee.

The Information againſt ſinne in generall.

Sinne was at firſt, where Angels now do dwell,
There ventred ſin, & brought ſome down to hel.

When thou hadſt man made, with thy bleſſed hād
And for his ſake had'ſt bleſſed all the Land,
(The beſt of earth) in place of Paradice,
Thou did'ſt man ſet: and ſet on him a price,
There he had then, all things at his command,
The fierceſt creatures, then upon him faun'd.
This Tyrant did a breach ſoone after make,
Thou curſed'ſt man and all things for his ſake.
Then thruſt he was from Paradice ſo ſweet,
The earth being curſt, ſo juſtice thought it meete.
All fiſhe and fowle, then kept far of a lowring,
The beaſts untam'd, and ſo became devouring.
Sin was the cauſe, *Cain* did his brother kill.
Poore Innocent! Lord 'twas againſt thy will.
And did not ſin, thoſe native tongues confound,
And *Babels* building levell with the ground?
So 'twas for ſin, God drowned all the earth
A monſtrous wombe, brings an untimely birth.
When fire on *Sodom*, and thoſe goodly Cities,
Fell: t was for ſinne, wait not a thouſand pities?
Nay, thou thine owne deliveredſt by thy hand
Captives to be within a Heathen land,
For ſin, and there a long time were in paine.
Till thou in mercy brought'ſt them backe againe.
Nay Chriſt himſelfe when he a ſuretie came,
For man: then ſin cauſ'd him to beare the blame,
A ſinner hé was, though this ſeemeth ſtrange,
Twas not his owne, yet made his by exchange.

And

And twas for sinne thou didst prepare a hell,
Where sinne must be, and all that love it well.

The Information against sinne for his particular.

Now for my selfe, the greevance that I ind,
For ever doth torment me in my mind,
And drawes me on, to serve my cursed will,
Sometimes to one, sometimes to other ill.
From doing good, he hinders me, and when,
He cannot (thus) prevaile with me, O then,
He strives; to bring upon me other things
Cares of this world, which armed are with stings.
If to my dutie, constant I abide,
Then hee doth seek to puffe me up with pride.
At every turne, for me he layes a baite,
And ever for to catch mee lies in wait.
And if hee catch mee he is well, I sick,
If he do not, hee hath an other trick.
He tells me vengeance is for my reward,
The Lord, my service doth no whit regard
And fils my Conscience with such horrid store,
Of thoughts despayring as I said before.
Hee'd make me frame such hard conceits of thee,
That thou no mercie hast in store for me,
This is so bad, nay worse then all thats past,
For to forsake thy mercy at the last.

Now Lord I pray thee, thinke upon this caſe,
And root out ſin, quite from mans living race.
For this is true, thou know'ſt it all full well,
Of all theſe things, thy bleſſed Saints can tell.
The truth of this, I know ſinne doth defie it,
Put ſinne aſide, no creaturne can deny it.

Sinne begins, and railes at the perſon. He is confin'd to the charge.

What canſt thou ſay? theſe things are too too bad!
Beleeve them not: this Raſcall, he is mad.
'Tis not my ſleights, my perſon 'tis he hates,
He ſpeakes in groſſe: and like a Parret prates:
As bad himſelfe, in heart; though faire in ſhew,
With flatt'ring words, he cheateth not a few,
His life was baſe and vile, twas knowne ful wel,
I ſaw ſuch things, I am aſham'd to tell.
What, ſin grow modeſt now? ſo doth the Devill,
This worſe then bad, doth ſtill increaſe thy evill.
Thou doſt blaſpheme (ſeeing) I this man do take,
To mercie and reſolve him bleſt to make.
Doſt thinke, that I, do not man ſearch within
That I need thee, to agravate his ſin?
Speake to the caſe, or elſe hold ſtill thy tongue,
He hurts thee not, but thou doſt him the wrong.

Sinnes defence for him selfe.

Thou knowest I am, allmost as old as time,
And yet I am, but comming to my prime.
I for thy Justice did prepare a place,
When none was found: 'tis not a doubtfull case.
And what I doe, I doe it by permission,
And to thy will, I ever yeeld submission.
I trie the good, and make the badd appeare,
The world may know, who doth thee love & fear
In doing that, which I am bidde to doe,
But when tis done should I be guilty too,
I am a king and hold it in disgrace,
To be arraing'd (thus) in an open place.
Being so belov'd almost of every wight,
Except some few which owe to mee spite.
The most of which are weake, or else are poore,
And sometimes such that goe from dore to dore.
My labour's free, I never yet had pay,
I, of my stocke do spend still to this day.
But what I doe, I doe it by perswasion,
Not by constraint when I doe make invasion.
Some of the best, their weaknesse glory in,
Infirmities; what are they else but sin?
Nay sin in thine doth worke still for the best,
And through their trouble enter they to rest.

sin thou forgiv'st, sinners with thee abide,
And so by me, thy mercies magnified.

Hee craves leave for his witnesses to speake.

Now let these speake, which I have cald to be
My witnesses, for they will stand for me.
Now all are here let Ignorance be first,
The second, hee that for redd earth doth thirst,
The third, the man, thats overcome with Lust,
The fourth be Pride, they speak will, what is just.

Leave is Granted.

Tis very like my Iustice will be know-e,
To thee, and them, when you are all orethrowne.
Come, let them speake in this thou hast thy will,
Although I know, will nothing be but ill.

Old

Old clownish Ignorance speakes first (hee is silenc'd.)

I hard my vather zay, that God dud make
A leeving man his pleazar vor to take.
Above oll things himzelf he should zarve vurst,
On that Belzebub woule wos accurst.
I know no harme of all that zin ere did me
I ready wos to doe what erezin bid me.
Ichave him knowne omost a hunderd yeere,
And never to this day put me in feare.
Now be me troth I leek him passing well,
He dos oll good vor ought thot I con tell,
Cham zure when I am zad he makes me merry
Zhaks of my dumps & makes me zing downdere
Chave knowne zomtimes when I was very zick
Zin made me well and zhowd zome pretty trick.
In oldorn times when zin was more regarded
Our lond by him was better then rewarded.
Now every boy zeems wizer than his Vather
And to be poor tho rich by zin tha'd rather (ching
Twaz ne'r good world zese we had zo much prea-
Vor zin goes down on beardles boies stasteaching
Who ere zawnioddies zhow themselves zo mad,
To cast zmuzelves whom peasc they must abad,
Chane zonns my selfe if they zo wise do prove
To vollow such they zoone should lees my love.

Pray

Pray let him goe agen with uz to dwell,
Cham zure ould vokes, woll leek it vary well.
Come hold thy tongu thy vilenes maks me gratch
Another ſpeak for thou haſt ſpoke too much.

Coveton ſueſſe the ſecond.

Sin liv'd with me, (as I may ſay) while now,
He made me rich, Ile not relate it how,
I car'd it faire, none could in me eſpie,
A noted fault to ſay black is thy eye.
My Gold I got by ſinne doth my heart cheriſh,
And helpes at need when other helps do periſh,
I ne'r knew griefe (that ſin upon me brought,
Let them have grief (for me) that for grief ſought.
I gaine by ſin, give looſers leave to prate,
Wer't not for ſin, I had nere got this eſtate.
If ſin do good, why ſhould he ſuffer bad?
Let ſin have that, as formerly he had.
To ſtand for ſin, I hold it my beſt part,
If ſin goe downe, alas 'twill kill my heart.
What he did promiſe me, he alſo paid,
And what is falſe his enemie hath ſaid.
Pray free him (now) or elſe I muſt reſtore,
My goods ill got, I have done, Ile ſay no more,

Wanton

Wanton Luſt the Third.

I am ſorry now, to ſee ſin at the barr,
What is the cauſe this man proceeds ſo farre?
Sin ever did, with pleaſure much delight me,
When all things elſe, did ſeeke ſtill to affright me.
Sin was to me, ſtill full of pleaſing ſtraines,
In my eſteeme my pleaſure is my gaines.
Say what you will, theſe tricks of youth all muſt,
Agree, to me, and will fulfill their luſt,
Man is not made of all, to take direction,
Nor like a ſlock, to be without affection.
Sin ſhewes me beautie kindles my deſire,
And then thoſe ſparkes, come to a flaming fire.
When many cares and feares, upon me ſtay,
Sins pleaſant objects, drive them all away.
Sin's ſuch a thing as brings to no man ſtrife,
Sin is ſo ſweet, I love it, as my life.
Let ſin be quit, for he is good and kind,
Speake brother Pride, for I have ſpoke my mind

Pride

Pride the fourth:

I never knew, but Sinne went bravely dreſt,
And ever did accompany the beſt.
He went along, ſo gracefull in the ſtreet,
He joy'd my heart, when once I did ſinne meet.
To all his friends obſerving time and place,
He'd be moſt free, or elſe he held it baſe,
At any feaſt, or any meeting then,
He tooke his place above all other men.
He ſpake ſo much, and in ſuch lofty ſtraines,
That all might ſee he had not ſhallow braines.
Himſelfe behav'd with ſuch great Majeſty,
That each man did upon him caſt his eye.
And by his lookes, he ſeem'd both grave and wiſe,
Poore ſilly men, alwayes he did deſpiſe.
He ſcorn'd to be a ſervant unto any,
But like a Lord, he ſought to rule ore many.
He ſlights advice, his owne wayes like him beſt,
Once croſſe his will, he cannot take his reſt.
He ote his equals, us'd to domineere,
And his inferiours, alwayes kept in feare.
He hated all, that would not to him bend,
And turnes his foe, though firſt, a ſeeming friend.
If he be once in place of Juſtice ſet,
He'd tyrannize, or otherwiſe would fret.

In

In lower place, if that he chanc't to be,
He would contemne and curſe his miſerie
And if that men, would not his counſell take,
Hee'd caſt them off, and varlets of them make,
If one in parts, did but before him goe,
Then moſt of all, hee proved his deadly foe.
And all of whom, he gets the upper hand,
He keeps them down, and binds them in his band
All this and more like things, do call ſin Father,
Sin is in hold, that hee were free I'd e rather.
Hees now by one that lou'd him once, betraid,
Hee's now in feare of him, he made afraid.
He hath been bold, but now he ſeemes to quake
I hope thou wilt ſome pity on him take.
Shall hee prevaile ore ſin, when ſin is ſtronger?
For he hates ſin, when he can ſin no longer.

A generall ſpeech, rejecting ſinnes witneſſes, with a command for a reply.

Now ſinne hath ſpoke, and all that for him ſtand
This will not doe, to free him from my hand,
His witneſſes (ſinne) have diſcovered cleare,
Though bad before now worſe it doth appeare,
And they themſelves, for ſtanding on his ſide.
Will vile appeare, for they ſhall now betride.

Speake

Speake manthy mind in making thy reply,
Lay home the truth, that no man can deny.

A Reply against sins defence, particularly.

What is thy age, or what doth it availe?
It's nothing worth, when goodnes doth men fail?
It doth increase, and bring Gods wrath apace,
And for thy age, makes thee in worser case,
T'was not thy mind that god should have the praise:
Pretending right, thou intend'st wicked waies,
God needs not sinne for to set forth his glory,
Nor any thing of all thy sinfull story.
This wicked way, that thou proceedest in,
Thou makest God, the author of thy sin:
God ne're approves thee, nor thy sinfull acts,
He made his lawe, to damne, thy cursed facts.
Thou dost oppose Gods will, with all thy might,
To yeeld to his law is against thee quite.
Tis not to trie, thou meanst but to destroy;
All living men thou seek'st still to annoy,
Good men, thou dost so hamper with thy snares,
And thou the bad, bring'st to eternall cares.
Thou lying wretch, doth God cõmand thee evil,
Then damn thee for't, thou hast it from the devill.
Thou art a King, if so I may beleeve thee
And shame with men, it seemes, doth now much greeve thee,

No

No ſhame before; thou other bring'ſt to ſhame,
Why ſhould'ſt thou not, beare, now the greateſt
Mē do thee love, their love wil turn to hate (blame.
Thy friendſhip doth, make way ſtill for debate.
The poore and weake; that do oppoſe thy way,
Will be too ſtrong for thee, as thou ſhalt ſay,
Thy labours which were alwaies freely bent,
Were better ſpar'd then they ſhould ill be ſpent.
What is thy ſtock? but curſed poiſonous ſtore
Still as thou ſpendſt, increaſing more and more,
Thou doſt none force, but with thy ſubtil gins;
Thou hid'ſt the ſoure, & ſhew'ſt the ſweet offins.
But if he will not yeeld, unto thy will;
Thou tri'eſt thy power, his ſoul with wrath to fil
For thoſe that in their weaknes made their boaſt
Twas when that ſin, was by Gods power croſt.
Which did through weaknes, overcome thy (ſtrength,
And over fathā, did triumph at lēgth.
What good doth come by ſin, ſin nought intends,
'Tis Gods event; ſin ſeekes for curſed ends.
One trouble ſtill, thou bring'ſt upon an other.
If one be gone thou bring'ſt in many other.
If any reſt comes from Gods bleſſed hand,
Then thou in malice, doſt againſt it ſtand.
Whē God in mercy, doth forgive mās ſin, (within.
With doubts, cares, feares, thou fill'ſt his heart
Although Gods grace, be thus exalted high,
To ſave poore ſoules that under ſin did lye.

This

This and all good, is farre from thy intent,
Gods goodneſſe, that brings forth ſuch event.

His owne experience agravates Sinne,
His witneſſes make the caſe worſe.

By proofe of all the Saints, that live on earth;
VVho knowes thy fruits, their al untimely birth.
And I my ſelfe, by thee was led away,
Me to undoe, thou ſought thus every way.
I did blaſpheme, when thou did'ſt promiſe gaines,
Then thou did'ſt bring, deſpaire for my paines.
Thou haſt confeſt before the Iudge below,
Thy wickednеſſe as doth the Lord well know.
Thou didſt deſpiſe me with a ſhameleſſe face,
And uſ'd all meanes, to bring me to diſgrace,
I did my ſuit remove, from common Law,
Where thou didſt think, to keep me ſtill in awe.
In equitie, here I ſhall finde releefe,
And eaſe my mind, and quite expell my greefe.
And for thy cauſe moſt vile it doth appeare,
To all that heare, or ſee, tis very cleare,
And thoſe that ſtand as witneſſes for thee,
Now they themſelves, as bad appeare to be.
They did intend to adorne, thy ugly ſtature,
But have thee bad, made of a vilet nature.

Hee

He refuseth to answer their blasphemies, but threatens Ignorance.

To answer them, it is not worth the while,
Alas poore fooles, sinne doth them all beguile.
Old ignorance, with his corrupted sence,
Though old he be, he'l finde sins recompence:
Though twice as long he live, yet curses store
For him, and such, do still waite at the dore.

He threatens Covetousnesse.

And he that covets wealth, and layes up gold,
Through sin, will finde, at last himselfe he sold;
His golden Gods, cannot him save from danger,
Nor comfort him; God is to him a stranger:
His sinfull gaines, will prove to him but losses,
And trouble, when sin brings a thousand crosses.

He curseth Lust, and shewes ruine.

And he that is addicted so to lust,
O cursed wretch, he thinkes it all but just,
He'l finde ere long, his bodily estate,
His soule undone, he'l then repent too late:

When he ſhall in that burning bed be caſt,
The ſweet of ſinne, turnes ſower at the laſt.

He damneth Pride to Hell.

So Pride, that goes about to ſet Sinne free,
Himſelfe he brings, in the like miſerie:
He muſt be ſtript, and naked ſhall appeare,
Before the Judge, that all may ſee and feare,
Though ſet on high, yet he below muſt dwell,
And ſo with Sinne poſſeſſion take of hell.

He craves leave for his witneſſes to ſpeake.

So I have done, but foure I have brought,
Thoſe ever full, t'whom ſinne has ruine ſought,
So that the bleſſed, and the damned crue,
Speake to ſins face, and ſay, this is all true.
Let not ſinne ſay, 'twas I that did undoe him,
And make men think, but one, the reſt ſtuck to him.

Love is granted.

Speake all they ſhall, and knowledge ſhall begin,
He'l kill his heart; then bounty ſhall ſtep in,

Then

Then Chastitie, Humilitie behinde;
When they have spoke, they straight shall comfort
My Saints and Angels too, shall all declare, (sinde,
Sins shame on earth, though they in heaven are,
The damned shall relate a dreadfull story,
Speake truth of sinne, and so set forth my glory.

Knowledge first speakes.

Lord, sinne did strive, in Ignorance to keepe,
Making secure: in folly me to sleepe.
But when I once found out his hellish art,
I, to be freed from sinne, gave thee my heart:
I sought to know thy will, and so to doe it,
Still thought of time, when I should be put to it:
I did observe sinne with his cursed charmes,
Brought some to one, and some to other harmes,
According as he saw mens natures bends
Suting temptations to his cursed end,
And as he findes his swellings to arise,
There he doth blow those sparkes, we may surmise.
He'l let men know, all things, but what they should
All outward things, which best doe fit their mould,
If he can call, another, foole, or Asse,
He thinkes his wisedome's very well to passe:
If he know how to breake an idle jest,
Of witty fellowes, he counts himselfe the best,

If he suppose he knoweth affaires of state,
He sets his knowledge at too great a rate;
If he have been but once in forraigne parts,
He will so talk, as though he had all the arts.
Now all this while, he does not once indeavour,
To know the Lord, his wayes, which are for ever.
Himselfe to know, he doth not once desire,
He's so bewitcht, and seal'd in the mire.
If he intends but good, and God to know,
Then Sinne doth seeke that good to overthrow.
But if he cannot drive, those thoughts away,
He puts him off, still till another day.
From day, to day, but never comes that morrow,
At last by sinne, he's brought to endlesse sorrow.
If one be brought, refraining outward evill,
He thinkes (tis well) he doth detest the divell:
If one doth good, that good, then save him must,
Heaven he must have, or else God is not just.
If in these things he doth himselfe deny,
Yet he will threaten judgement suddainly.
Man knows not how, to answer such objections,
Sin hath by-wayes, and men take his directions.
Now Lord, let him no more a being have,
Give saving knowledge, then our soules Lord save.

Liberalitie the second.

Sinne ſtrives to make men covetous and baſe,
Keepe what I have, I ſhould in any caſe.
Perſwades me ſtill, that I my ſelfe may want,
And if I ſhould, friends would be very ſcant,
So I muſt not, diminiſh of my ſtore,
What though men want, I did not make thē poore.
Sin would be maſter, of that men call mine,
I ſhould keepe up all that, that's truly thine,
If I doe give, it muſt be ſparingly.
Sinne ſaith, 'tis beſt, to keepe it till I die:
But if I doe a bounteous heart expreſſe,
He'l make me thinke, I maintaine idleneſſe:
And muſt repent of all the good that's done,
And breake the thread, ſo ſoone as it is ſpun:
Or elſe take warning, not to give to any,
And ſlight the cries of poore, though ne're ſo many.
When I deny the poore, that doe complaine,
Then I muſt thinke what's ſav'd, is all cleere gaine.
Thus labours ſinne, to make me like a ſlave,
And live in bondage, unto what I have.

Chaſtitie the third.

Sinne with his trickes, doth me ſo much allure,
And with his ſnares, my hurt doth ſo procure.

With idle obiects, and ſuch painted ſights,
I feare ſome ill, which puts my ſoule to frights,
Leſt that I ſhould be taken with thoſe baites,
Which for my life are laid; ſinne ever waites,
To bring me in by this, his ſtrong temptation,
He might at laſt bring me to condemnation
He hides the ſting, but that which ſeemes delight,
He ſets it out, and backes it with his might:
So by degrees, a little makes no matter,
But then to more, thus he doth uſe to flatter:
If this take not, then raiſes ſtormes within,
Of luſts wild-fire, diſtemper all through ſinne.
He telles me, thoſe that were in Gods account,
Moſt holy men, and others did ſurmount,
Yet they in this ſinne lived many a yeare,
If well with them it went, what need'ſt thou feare?
Goe, take thy pleaſure, at worſt thou maiſt repent,
Fulfill thy luſt; tuſh, thou wilt nere be ſhent.
If filthy luſt take thus, the guilt it brings,
Goes not alone, but with it other things.
I obſerve thoſe, that he doth conquer when,
They'r ſo inſnar'd doe never turne agen.
Now ſave us Lord, from all thoſe curſed wayes,
And cut off ſinne, we'll ſerve thee all our dayes.

Humilitie the fourth.

Sinne with his breath, would puffe me up ſo full,
Of great conceits, who fooliſh am and dull,
That what I doe, the beſt I doe exceed,
Such thoughts in me ſinne labours ſtill to breed:
Of what I doe, I loſe the comfort ſtill,
For ſinne doth trie my heart with pride to fill;
And then I muſt my betters ſtill contemne,
All of all ſorts, I proudly muſt condemne.
Though I doe ill, and all men know the ſame,
I muſt deny't, as quit from any blame,
And if I am to any man a debter,
Tuſh let him waite, for am not I his better,
Nay ſinne would make me ſet my ſelfe moſt out,
When curſed pride, my folly ſpreads about:
If men do not give me the cap and knee,
I ſcorne them muſt, as enemies to me.
Will they not bend to ſuch a man as I,
I'de make them know, their carriage I defie.
If I doe good (it's ſeldome and not much)
A worthy worke, ſinne telles me, of all ſuch,
If one good thought comes in, or word goes forth,
Sinne ſaith, it is eſteem'd of wondrous worth:
Of all that's ill, account God doth not take,
But takes all well, even for my perſons ſake:

I trouble's much, but much I cannot ſpeake,
Sore am I (Lord) help, elſe my heart will breake,
What good I doe, or have, Lord 'tis thine owne,
The ill is mine: let ſinne be overthrowne.
Then ſhall thy praiſes be exalted high,
By humble men, that doe on thee relie.

The Lord commands the Saints in heaven to ſpeake what they found of ſinne.

Now have theſe mortals each one ſpoke his mind,
So let immortall ſpirits ſpeake in their kinde:
As they have found and knowne let them bring in
Their teſtimonie, ſo I'le judge of ſinne.
And as he did my creatures ſtill betray,
So from my wrath, he ſhall receive his pay
For what is done: ſo Juſtice by my hand,
He ſhall receive; 'twill bring ioy to the land.

A ſpeech of the Saints in Heaven, againſt ſinne.

We dwelt on earth, but now in heaven are,
To ſerve the Lord, it was our daily care,
Mongſt many troubles ſinne was ſtill the cheefe,
And by his factors did procure our greefe,
Both day and night he waited ſtill to catch,
To trap our ſoules, he evermore did watch:

He'd

He'd ſpeake in men, they bold, would not deny it,
And ſo by ſinne, our lives were made unquiet.
And we through weakneſſe, many times did yeeld,
Then ſinne did triumph, when he got the field.
Then did he blaze our faults, throughout the nation,
And ſtriv'd to bring us all to deſperation.
The ſtrong offended, th' weak made weaker were,
The bad grew worſe, and at our falls did jeere,
But when by thee we got our former ſtrength,
Againſt all ſinne we did reſolve at length.
Then ſinne did ſtrive to force us to his bent,
Againſt all conſcience ſeeming good intent;
Propounding laws, which claimes it as a due,
To have us yeeld to that which was untrue,
But when we would not gree un to their charmes,
We were betraid, and brought to deadly harmes.
Some were adjudg'd in priſon to be caſt,
And were brought out and burned at the laſt;
Some of us ſtarv'd, ſome cut in peeces ſmall,
Some rackt to death, which death was worſt of all:
So many torments ages can record,
That ſinne did bring, becauſe we kept thy word,
So ſinfull men, with miſchiefes ſet us round,
Till they had laid us underneath the ground.
But thou (O Lord) when ended were our dayes,
Brought'ſt us above, where now we ſing thy praiſe.

The man preſſeth God by Argument, to deſtroy ſinne.

And now thy Saints that live upon the earth,
They doe deſpiſe, ſinne makes it ſtill his mirth,
Though they be pillars of the time and place,
Uphold the world, ſtill for mans living race:
Take them away, the world would ſoone be fir'd,
Sinne with his imps againſt the juſt are hir'd:
Lord cut off ſinne, for now his cauſe is tri'd,
And free thy Saints which on the earth abide.

The Angels reply againſt ſinne.

Although we were not made like earthly creatures,
But more Divine, and of celeſtiall natures;
Sinne was ſo bold, with Angels he attempted,
Againſt the Lord: ſinne was not there exempted,
Then Legions did ſuch treaſon there conſpire,
Sinne was ador'd, the Angels had their hire.
Sinne was the cauſe, that they were caſt to hell,
Sinne made eſcape, and ſtill on earth doth dwell.
Why ſhould not he, which was the cauſe of evill,
Partake with wrath, and torment with the devill?
Sinne did the Angels bleſſed ſtate prevent,
So let him now ſhare in the puniſhment.

Lord

Of Sinne,

Lord thou doſt keepe us by thy bleſſed power,
Elſe we ſhould fall by ſinne within an houre;
We now attend and looke to thine elect,
We know that ſinne doth daily them infect,
Drawing from them the comforts of thy grace,
So bringing them into a dreadfull caſe.
Sinne doth deface thy image in the minde,
An other ſtampe when we returne we finde,
So ſinne doth quell the motions of thy ſpirit,
Yet by their works, ſinne tels them they ſhal merit,
Sin doth deſtroy the worke of thy creation,
Doe thou deſtroy ſin, for mans preſervation.

The Damned are called to witneſſe againſt ſinne.

Come now yee fiends of darkneſſe, ſhew and tell,
What yee on earth did, what ye finde in hell:
You curſed furies, and you damned ſpirits,
That wrought for ſin, and now you have your merits:
Ye horrid factors ever were for ſinne,
Survey your gaines, returne, and bring it in.
You liv'd in ſin, and with ſin did converſe,
Your living death will helpe you to rehearſe.
You were his friends, doth friendſhip ſtill remain?
If all be loſt, where is your ſinfull gain?
Speake now you hell-hounds of this dreadfull ſtory,
Sinne will be ſilent ever to my glory.

Firſt,

Firſt, how they were deceived by ſinne, and compares ſinne to contemptible things, and how he failes of his promiſe.

Sinne did bewitch us with his curſed ſmiles,
And by deceipt he trapt us with his wiles:
He hid the light, darkneſſe before our eyes,
Was ſet: and ſtill the truth we did deſpiſe.
Like Batts and Owles that hate the lightſome day,
And as the theef loves darkneſſe for his prey;
Such is the ſinner, having curſed ends,
Againſt whoe ver any good intends.
We hated all, and never had regard,
To man nor cauſe, unleſſe 'twere for reward:
VVe were like bruits, ſave onely we could talke,
VVe liv'd by ſenſe, and did moſt vilely walke:
O curſed viper, who can ſet thee out?
Great part of hell thou art, there is no doubt,
Thou limbe of Sathan, none can match thy evill,
God made thee not, but thou didſt make the devill.
Thou ugly ſerpent monſter of the earth,
Thou bring'ſt forth daily thy unſhapen birth,
Thou ſcum of vermin, thou art worſt of any,
And if there were ten thouſand times as many:
The Plagues of Egypt cannot equall thee,
Nor all that have been, are, or ere ſhall be,

The

The Serpent hath his place where he abides
The leſſer vermine on the earth ſo glides,
They ſeek not me they ſting but once for all,
The body not the ſoule they cauſe to fall.
Thou in all places haſt thy ſubtill ſnares,
To bring all men to everlaſting cares.
The more thou ſting'ſt the more thou doſt delight,
Both ſoule and body thou ſeek'ſt to ſtroy quite.
Sinne didſt not thou like fooles lull us aſleep?
And darkenſſe bring when light did once but peepe?
All ſeedes of evill in us thou didſt ſowe,
All ſeeds of good thou ſtill did'ſt overthrowe.
Our thoughts of God, our ſouls, our death, our change
Our ſins, heaven, hell, all theſe were very ſtrange.
We had our fills of ſin we made our boaſt
And they that in their ſins exceeded moſt
Were moſt belov'd with us of all the reſt
The worſt of men, wee counted ſtill the beſt
Though knowledge we did want to purchaſe fame
We ee'd ſweare and lie and thereby raiſe a name
If good we knew we never did intend
To do that good or if bad ſtrive to mend.
Sinne promiſſt us to free us ſtill from ſtrife
And give us good the daies of all our life.
And at the end we need not feare but we
Should dwell in heaven, to all eternitie,
Some n'ere were raiſed from the ſleepe of ſinne,
Till they in hell cloſe priſoners were within.

But

But some on earth began their hell before,
The first of that, of which they now have more.
This we can say, and more, if need require,
Now one alone, relate sins fearfull hire,
And how we are, and in what wofull place,
Our company, and endlesse, easelesse case.

Some of them in dreadfull manner relate the torments of hell, and cries out for vengeance upon sinne, and departed.

O heavens heare, and earth, what sin hath brought,
Upon all us, that sold our selves for nought:
We are through sin accursed from the Lord,
Of men and Angels, we are all abhorr'd,
I want a tongue to shew this wrathfull rage,
And fury to remaine times after age:
The blacknesse and the darknesse is so great,
Light there is none, but still abides the heate,
Of fire and brimstone, burning in the flame,
The dregs of sinne is mingled with the same,
We live yet die, and dying still remaine:
Our soules with horror, bodies fill'd with paine.
How dreadfull 'tis, and in what grievous sort,
Laid on all parts and persons, ile report,
We drinke our teares, and sorrow is our food,
Curses our portions, we see not heare of good.

The

The fearfull cries and howlings that below,
We heard, theſe all the damned ſoules do know,
The ghaſtly lookes, and lamentable grones,
The great complaints, with heavie griefe & mones,
Sin there attends and acteth ſtill his part,
Blowes up the fire, there worms ſtill gnaw the heart:
The dungeon is exceeding large and deepe,
Where ugly vermine evermore doe creepe.
The devils doe attend us every houre,
And bring freſh torment by their curſed power.
No dram of comfort ever doth come neare it,
This heavie doome we helliſh Imps muſt beare it.
We have no friendſhip, none to ſhew us favour,
And all are fierce, and of a rude behaviour.
No eaſe at all at any time we finde,
Our bodies burne, and anguiſh burnes the minde,
Diſeaſes all, ſtrangullion, ſtone, or gout,
The leaſt part of our torment ſet not out.
But one thing more, and that is worſt of all,
Our paines to all Eternity ſtay ſhall.
When dayes, and yeares, and ages, are all paſt,
Our plagues remaine, our torments ſtill do laſt.
No comfort, friends, no eaſe, nor end will be
Found, now I ſinke under my miſerie.
Thou curſe of curſes, thou the cauſe of it,
That I and all, that in the infernall pit,
Muſt ſtay: yet thou art never a whit aſham'd,
Of all thy vilenesſe that hath now been nam'd.

Let

Let all that live for ever still disdaine
Thy name: and cursed let it so remaine,
O Damne him, damne him, to a horrid cell
Not here with us, but in another hell.
For if with us, our sinnings will not cease,
And him to see our torments will increase.
Ah worse, yet is the friend if worse may be,
I must away, the Divells come for mee.

The Charge to the Jury.

The case is cleare there's none that can deny it,
That sins the cause of all our great disquiet.
The heavenly host with men on earth concluded,
The damned too all were by sinne deluded.
These things and more (I do aberre) be true,
And so the case doth now appeare to you.
Now as you finde to give your verdict in,
Accordingly, I'le sentence give on sin.

The Introduction to the verdict.

Against thy person sin was ever bent,
And all thy workes to spoyle was his intent.

Thy

Thy ſonne from heaven downe to earth did goe,
But ſinne to him did prove a deadly foe,
And did oppoſe the worke of his redemption,
Which ſinfull men ſhould give from ſins exemptiõ.
But when in this he could not have his will.
His bloud he ſhed, the worth remaineth ſtill.
He watcht with death, to keepe him in the grave,
Of what was done, men might not comfort have.
But all in vaine. 'twas ſinfull labour loſt,
Man was redeem'd, and comfort had; ſinne croſt.
Againſt the Spirits bleſſed worke in hand,
He ſets himſelfe, and goodneſſe doth withſtand:
And from all men, all comfort he would take,
And in mans heart an Idoll God he'd make,
'Tis time, 'tis time, to take with ſinne a courſe,
With men 'tis ill, in time it would be worſe.

The verdict of the Jurie, againſt Sinne and his witneſſes.

We have concluded in our conſultation,
And finde ſinne guilty, by the information,
For his defence to be moſt rude and vaine,
His witneſſes as bad, appeareth plaine,
They guilty are, as parties in the cauſe,
They broken have, nay they condemne thy lawes.
The reply proves, and their examination,
We finde them worthy of a deepe damnation.

The Preface to the ſentence.

Now ſinne thou art convicted, all may ſee,
The Jury to thy judgement doth agree;
Thy wickednesſe is open laid to view,
To all the world: which ſay that hell's thy due,
And thoſe foure men which for thy cauſe did ſtand,
The curſed'ſt worke that ere they tooke in hand,
For love of thee themſelves have now undone,
They plaid for ſweet, they have the ſower wonne.

The Sentence againſt Sinne.

I ſentence Sinne for ever to be caſt,
In loweſt hell; where furious flames doe laſt,
In dungeon darke where fire is divided.
The light from heate, there thou ſhalt be derided.
All torment that the devils can invent,
With all their ſtore of curſes ſhall be ſpent,
On thee: from thence thou never ſhalt returne,
In flaming wrath thou evermore ſhalt burne,
To all delights now thou ſhalt bid farewell,
Away, begon into the pit of hell.

The ſentence againſt Sinnes aſſiſtants.

And you that for ſinne acted ſuch a part,
And gainſt my truth have tried all your art,
Receive your doome, for this will be your hire,
Ye curſed goe into eternall fire,
Where divels dwell, and monſters doe inherit,
The fruits of ſinne; there each one hath his merit.
There you ſhall ſtay for ever, and from me,
No light of comfort you ſhall ever ſee.
In ſorrow you eternitie ſhall ſpend.
Depart from me, for now you know your end.

FINIS.

POEMS.

CONCERNING

DEATH.

AN INDIGHTMENT AGAINST DEATH, by LIFE; being Plaintiffe.

With the Event and Issue thereof.

LONDON.
Printed by *John Dawson*. 1639.

OF DEATH.

1 Cor. 15. 56. *Death where is thy sting?*
Hosea 13. 14. *O Death, I will be thy death.*
1 Cor. 15. 26. *The last enemy that shall be destroyed, is Death.*

The Argument in charge to the Muse.

ADdresse thy selfe (my Muse) to that sad tale,
Of Death, though grim, & ghastly, wan & pale.
His looke, feare not, for I will see thee righted,
Speake bold for life, thou need'st not be affrighted;
Accuse him, answer with a sharp reply,
His vaine defence, and sentenc'd let him dye.

A Plea against Death.

Lord now I have brought Death to be arraign'd,
A Traitor he already is proclaim'd
To be against thy sonne: the life of all,
The world that hath been, are, or ever shall,
Remaine on earth: unlesse some course in hand,
Be taken now to cut him from the Land.
O let me never beare thy name in vaine,
To yeeld to Death; my losse he counts his gaine,
Now let this tyrant be by thee destroy'd,
That hath so long so much my peace annoy'd.

An examination of the case, a commaund to speake their mindes.

What wouldst thou have done to him, speak thy
What he hath done that's il, that he shal find. (mind?
To him I shall returne againe like measure,
As he did mete, ile open now my treasure
Of wrath and vengeance, and upon him poure,
And he shall know what 'tis life to devoure.
Il: heare you both, now life speake what of Death
Thou know'st; & death why he stroys living breath.
And testimony that about the cause,
You can produce according to my lawes.
For so ile Judge, and give to each his right,
My truth appeare shall in all peoples sight.

The Indighment against Death in generall.

When thou at first didst breath me in (the soule
Of man) alive he was · who did controule,
His living state, but death, when he for ever,
Might then have liv'd, with doing his indeavour,
But (fearfull) Death did stare him in the face,
And did his glory, utterly disgrace
His name was fearfull, and men at it bend,
The thoughts of Death brought forth untimely end
To some; the rest that liv'd the course of nature,
The feare of him did weaken so their stature,
That when he came, he had not much to doe,
Halfe dead before, for they were sinfull too,
And captives like, he chain'd them in the grave,
Close prisoners: none out of his hands could save,

A man ſo cruell as it doth appeare,
Men durſt not aske, he kept them ſo in feare,
He ſcorn'd to take a courteſie from any,
Nor did regard their teares, though nere ſo many.
The old mans plaint he never did regard:
The ſtrong mans valour, with death did reward:
The young mans perſon never did reſpect,
The infants ſmiling ever did neglect.
The virgins beauty he did ſtill defie,
The fathers griefe he ſlighteth preſently:
The mothers weeping he did ſtill diſable,
Although ſhe miſt her children at the table:
The childe though kneeling, begs life for his father.
Then death in fury, ſaith he'l have him rather,
The loving daughter ſeekes life for her mother,
But death lookes in, and cries, give me another.
The maſters cares conſiders not a whit,
The ſervants paines with death, ſo payes he it,
The Bridegroomes joy he turneth into ſorrow,
The Brides delight, to day, he ſpoyles to morrow.
Or any one that ſueth for his friend,
If he grieves much, death brings the ſooner end.
On him: but helpes him not a jot, but brings,
On all men death: and kils all other things.
Thy ſervants Lord, that were by me maintain'd,
In all the world, yet death hath all them gain'd:
And while they had a being here on earth,
They trouble had: but ſeldome knew what mirth.

Did

Did meane: yea ſome of them that I am ſure,
Through feare of death, a bondage did endure.
At home, abroad, or ever where they went,
They ſtill did thinke, his bow was ever bent:
No comfort in the world then did they take,
Of any thing that God did for them make.
I was to them a burthen, yet they call,
For joy: but then the King of feare ſpoyl'd all,
And freſh diſcõfort brought into their harts, (ſmarts
Frighting their minds; death breeds ſuch inward
The thoughts of death bring out the guilt of ſin,
Annoye without, diſtemper all within,
And to this day, it is his practice ſtill,
With darts of death the bloud of all to ſpill.
Where as he findes me, he doth hate me ſo,
His venome ſpits; and is a cruell foe.
The birds, the beaſts, the fiſh, all that have ſenſe,
A ſuit of death againſt him doth commence,
And he by might doth ever get the day,
And as his right he takes them all away,
The plants that live a bare life and no more,
Scarce men can ſee life in them, 'tis ſo poore,
Death findes it out, as plainly doth appeare,
And kils their fruit, ſome once, ſome twice a yeare:
At laſt the ſtocke to death muſt give a place,
For fruit and ſtocke death doth at laſt diſgrace.
Nay, if there were of perſons, or of things,
A world of millions more, he'd ſet his ſtings.

Till all were gone, if thou didst not restraine,
His power; then still like a King he'd raigne,
The more he slayes the more he doth desire,
The lower men are, he is rais'd the higher.
He hath confest the ruine of mans life,
Is that he seekes: he gaines, they lose, so strife,
Hath been betwixt us, ever since the first,
I doe perceive; he for mans blood doth thirst,
Till he himselfe doe die, he'l never cease,
To kill: his name's enough to stroy mans peace.

Against Death in particular.

What have I done, that death should envie me?
Was I not made, to quicken men by thee?
Why then should death a greater power have,
I being free, to make me like a slave?
If I doe ill, correct me with thy hand,
But why should Death have me at his command?
Death had his being at the first by sinne,
And as a vassall to him still hath been.
Sinne goes before, then Death he takes his place,
They both conspire against mans living race,
For they agree in all that suits with evill,
And with consent doe gratifie the Devill,
For his device, and subtill slights that he,
Did still invent, brought all to miserie.

Should

Should Death, that by thee never being had,
And workes for ſinne (O this is too too bad)
Rule over all, that goodly worke of thine?
To ſpoile it too, his malice doth incline.
Shall Sathans worke ſtand up, thine overthrowne?
Stretch forth thy hād Lord, make thy power known
And from thy Juſtice, let Death have his due,
The world is witneſſe what I ſpeake is true.

A ſharpe reproofe of Death, he hath leave to anſwer for himſelfe.

What canſt thou ſay, ſeeing this is proved ſo?
To all my workes thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe a foe,
What canſt expect, but hell for thy reward,
Seeing thou to none, hadſt never yet regard,
If I did not thy malice now reſtraine,
The life of all that in the world remaine,
Thou quickly would'ſt lay levell with the duſt,
Though they reſiſt: yet all through thee they muſt.
And in the grave thou wouldeſt beare ſuch ſway,
And wiſh there were a thouſand worlds to ſlay
More; thou would'ſt all them of their lives bereave,
Speake Death thy minde, I freely give thee leave.

Deaths defence for himselfe.

When God at first, did give to all things being,
And life; a will he gave to man agreeing,
Who was appointed to keepe all in awe,
Nor lawlesse was he, God gave him a law,
If he it brake, I was his sentence for it,
If not, he lived: but he did abhorre it.
To be so ty'd, he broke thy Law that day,
Then for reward I was from thee his pay:
I execute what Justice doth decree,
I doe thy worke, for I am rul'd by thee.
For by thy word all life must vanish quite,
From all the world: then should not I by right
Take place? what is there on the earth beside,
But life and death, which doth the world divide.
Should I deny, when thou dost bid me goe?
Should I resist, when thou dost presse me so?
To doe thy worke, I ever did my best,
Till it be done, I never take my rest.
Should I be bashfull, for to goe among,
The faire, or fearfull, to salute the strong,
Or passe the rich, or take of great a fee,
Or favour honour, where I doe it see?
O no, nor any else that thou dost send
Me, For I bring them all unto their end,

I in thy hand am ſtill as at this day,
By thy conſent I doe ſtill life deſtroy.
A King I'm made by thee, as doth appeare,
And by thy power all creatures do me feare.
I doe ſubdue thy foes, and make them bow,
And dart them down, to ſcape they know not how.
When I to men come armed with thy wrath,
They ſinke downe quite, not one the power hath
Me to withſtand; then life bids them farewell,
But dying life, meets them againe in hell.
But of thy Saints, I have been much deſir'd,
They'd have me come, though they with much were hit'd
To ſtay below, and not to ſee thy face,
Where thou doſt dwell, their ſoules being full of grace.
Thou alſo haſt appointed them a reſt,
What way is that, which thou didſt think the beſt,
To bring them home, to live in heaven ſtill?
But that I ſhould their mortall life firſt kill,
And that by me, a paſſage they muſt have,
They die but once, then life they ſtill doe ſave,
I can doe nothing, but upon the earth,
Nor ſway my ſcepter but with mortall birth.
Yet here I am but for a time to ſtay,
Though once I thought, I ſhould have raign'd for ay.
Why ſhould then life torment me in this ſort,
In raiſing on me ſuch an ill report,
In calling me to anſwer at thy barre,
Life ſeeks my ruine, he proceeds ſo farre,

Him-

Himſelfe is worſe, being guilty of ſuch crimes,
Corrupting man, and poyſoning ſtill the times;
I doe revenge the evill, 'tis thy cauſe,
He ſtill doth breake, I ever keepe thy lawes.
I doe him good, me ill he doth requite,
Men live by me, yet he owes me a ſpite.
Now let theſe ſpeake what they can ſay for me,
I make no doubt but then I ſhall be free.

Deaths aſſiſtants have leave to pleade for him.

Thou ſhalt have Juſtice here before my face,
Each one ſhall ſpeake: and then ile judge the caſe.
It is not ſhewes nor gloſſes that will ſtand,
Inſtead at all to free thee from my hand,
But 'tis the truth, by truth thou muſt be tri'd,
For that is beſt all caſes to decide.

The Magiſtrates Plea for death.

Thou haſt me in a place of Juſtice ſet,
I judge a caſe that life muſt pay a Debt,
How may this be, if Death were not my friend,
To take my part, and bring life to an end?
Death doth his office, I will beare him out,
Lives ruine thus, when ere he bring't about,

Take

Take him away? alas what can I doe?
My ſervant take? then take the Maſter too.
No peace nor quiet once would dwell with men,
Not beſt, but worſt, would take all ſweetnes then.
The Felons here, by death receive their due,
Men live in feare, and ſay that law is true.

The Heire craves deaths freedome.

What doth't availe, that I am borne to lands,
And if that all ſhould freed be from death's hand's?
All hopes were vaine, and for my expectation,
It were cut off, no meanes of preſervation,
Were left for me, worſe than my yonger brother,
I cannot worke, and ſo can he, and other,
Old men muſt die, and young men take their places,
They muſt to duſt, death puts life to ſuch caſes,
Old men are children, if they live but long,
They to themſelves are burthens: for the young
Their ſpittings, coffings, froward diſpoſitions,
So irkſome are, and ſo hard my conditions,
We would be freed, for them the world is bad,
A better place, we all doe wiſh they had.
Death us'd to doe as great a thing as this,
O pre thee come, and doe it, doe not miſſe.
I am in trouble, troubles greeve my heart,
Thou wilt be quit, for many take thy part.

Thou

Thou at our neighbours, wast the other day,
I lookt for thee, thou went'st another way,
Pray free him now, to doe one worke for me,
The old man take, no more desir'd shall be.

The Parish Clarke sueth to have Death freed.

Death I am sorry here to see thee stand,
'Twas for thy sake I tooke this place in hand,
'Tis little worth, if thou dost from us goe.
I tri'd my friends to get it, and my foe,
Remaines still now, because I got the place,
He did sue for't, and came off with disgrace.
Of burials we have hundreds in the yeare,
And for the rich, great vailes come in so cleare
It joyes my heart; the rest, some more, some lesse,
In their degree, their bounty doe expresse.
Besides my fee, they did still somewhat more,
So many littles do increase my store.
If Death go downe, Clarke I will be no longer,
Now I am old, and weake, yet like the stronger,
I must to worke; and try my feeble hands;
Or perish must, seeing I possesse no lands,
Death did me good, that little that I have;
I got by him, when life was brought to grave.
O quit him, quit him, that I may injoy,
My profit still; my hopes doe not destroy.

The

The Sextons Lamentation for Death.

When trading fail'd, I brought unto a ſtrait,
For want of meanes, did for a place lay waite;
The Sexton dyed, the Parſon ſtood my friend,
To helpe me in, ſuch good he did intend
To me: the Pariſh with a full conſent,
To him agreed, ſo to the place I went,
Death brought me in great part ſtill of my gaines,
What elſe I had, I ever did take paines
For it: what I for ringing of the Bell,
Had then for rich, when 'twas their dying knell,
Or any other, I will not now relate it,
I ſcorne to brag, I ever yet did hate it.
Or all the Bels being rung, what ere I got,
Twas ſo, and ſo, I ever had my lot.
With other things which now I will not name,
He did me helpe, let no one then me blame,
To take his part, alaſſe who can doe leſſe,
Seeing he to me ſuch friendſhip did expreſſe.
I cannot hold for to maintaine my charge,
If death be gone, the Pariſh is not large,
Enough for vailes, to keep me in ſuch ſort,
To pay my debts, live free from ill report.
The trading's loſt, that little that I had,
Nor can I worke, being old, my ſight is bad.

O free Death now; or if thou him destroy,
For company, take me with him away.

The Searchers complaine of their losses, and beg that Death may be quit.

We are old women, weake, and very poore,
We trade with Death, and so increase our store.
Death he is first, we second in the place,
To search the corps: of what, and in what case,
They died: we bring of them a true relation,
And groates a peece allow'd for preservation.
But sometimes more, as cloathes, or else some food,
That's mony worth, and is to us as good.
We past our labours are, 'tis knowne full well,
Allowance we have, th' Parish where we dwell,
If death should faile, our place would faile us too,
We must goe beg, and make no more adoe.
Vnloose him now, for he hath been our friend,
Or let us goe with him to know our end.
Let Life decay, and Death take up his place,
Our life else is but Death, our wants deface
Vs: better we with death should lie in grave,
Than live on earth; we little comfort have.

The

The Coffin-maker makes mone for the absence of death, and desires her return.

I ever have been brought up to a trade,
By death maintain'd, for Coffins I have made,
Apprentiſhip moſt hard I did indure,
I thought to live ſo well, and be ſo ſure,
In conſtant trading; ſhall my expectation,
Thus die in hand, my meanes of preſervation,
Faile me? what then will now become of me?
I periſh muſt, or live in miſerie.
No other way to live, but boxes ſmall,
I make ſometimes, to finde me worke withall;
I ſell them cheape, not worth the while to make
For coffins ſtill, good rates I ever take.
Men will not ſtand in this caſe for a friend,
When they ſhall buy, the price, and ſo an end
We make; and this will countervaile my paines,
And for this worke I have ſufficient gaines.
What ſhall I doe, if death be kept through ſtrife,
Away? 'twill make me weary of my life.
Let all men ſpeake of death as they doe finde,
I liv'd by him, and 'tis againſt my minde,
To ſee him troubled; life did bring him hither,
Diſcharge him then, that we may trade together.

The Bearers speech for death, and laments their losse.

Our places are to beare the dead to grave,
With watchings, that is all the meanes we have,
To live: we tried our friends to helpe us in,
And ever since we constant in't have beene,
We were so poore we could not well tell how
For to subsist, the case is alter'd now,
We got so much by death within a yeare,
The better still we are, as doth appeare.
Now we have goods and money too at need,
We pay our rent, and of the best we feed:
We still have wine, and sometime other things,
We do rejoice, though some their hands still wrings.
When we from home doe beare the dead away,
To their long home, they in their grave must lay,
Our constant gaines to all is knowne, so well,
We need not speake; the rest we will not tell,
What ere it be we would not willingly,
Now lose our gaines, nor change it till we die.
'Tis nothing worth if death should lie in hold,
Alas we might our sorrowes then unfolde,
We were undone, and perish all we must,
Release him now, thou wilt doe, so, we trust.

The Grave-makers lamentation misting Death.

I am a man, I need not here be nam'd,
Though I can dig, to begge I am asham'd,
I make the graves to bury dead folkes in,
I am imploy'd, for idlenesse is sinne.
I have no meanes, but what I labour for,
I'th sicknesse time, though men doe me abhorre,
My trading's best, when other trades decay,
I make of graves some five, or sixe a day.
I labour hard, and all men finde me willing,
Some give me sixe pence, and some give a shilling,
If in the Church, some two, or three, some more,
Thus I'm maintain'd, and lay up many store,
Though times more healthful were, yet work I had,
I'm crasie brain'd, yet this wil make me mad,
If death be tooke away: my trading then,
Will faile me quite, and never come agen,
For other worke, I am a stranger to it,
To watch at night, alas that will not doe it,
To maintaine me, my wife, and children small,
It's but a groate, so want will starve us all,
Death helpe me still; O free him, else my grave,
Ile dig, then die, I there no want shall have.

The Grave wants Death, and begges him to come to bring meate to the wormes and him.

Death, what's the matter thou art now indighted?
The newes I heare, hath me full sore affrighted?
My hungry belly thou wast wont to fill,
With flesh: I sweetly did digest it still.
My mouth is wide, my stomack hot like fire,
The more I eate, the more I doe desire:
My bowels large, my sides and limbes are strong,
Give, give me food. I shall continue long,
I thought some evill had ore taken thee,
Thou brought'st not meat, as thou wert wont to me
Thou for me wait, I for thee, in like cate,
Thou me releev'dst, I found thy dead a place.
We are all friends, and if we now should part,
The thoughts of this would almost kill my heart.
But life that doth accuse thee in this sort,
He envies thee, and rais'd an ill report
On me like wise, and pickes a quarrell too,
Against all such, with whom he hath to doe.
Be not dismaid, I hope thou shalt againe,
Come dwell with me, and rule amongst the slaine;
The wormes my tenants, they doe misse thee now.
They seek for meat to help them, who knows how

But

But thee? O come and bring us flesh they cry,
Or else we'l come and follow thee and die,
I give them houses, if thou canst not give,
Meat to them then, long here they cannot live;
They are so silly and so feeble they,
Now cannot goe, nay scarce can creepe away.
They call to me for food and I have none,
My flesh is eat, and nothing but the bone,
Is left, when I had any they did feed,
With me, it was a charitable deed;
But now alas, I hungry am, and poore,
What's done is done, now I can doe no more,
Death come away, why should'st thou not be free,
The wormes and I will ever honour thee.

Death and his friends are checkt, Life is urged to speake to the purpose.

Death, thou thy friends also have spoke their mind,
Thou think'st thy cause is good, but thou shalt find
Vaine thy defence; with thy corrupted crue,
Living by sense, they nothing speake that's true,
They doe not care, so they have private gaine,
Come in by thee: though all the world be slaine:
They helpe thee not, thy cause the worse made,
They parties are, and with thee drive a trade.

As for thy selfe when life doth make reply,
Thy shew of truth he'l prove is but a lye.
Life to the life of death, the dreadfull story,
Speak now, declare the truth, shew forth my glory.

The Reply of Life to all the particulars against deaths defence.

When God did make man blessed in his kinde,
And all things else according to his minde,
When man did breake the Law of God by sinne,
Thou as his curse did'st presently step in,
God bid thee (*'tis true*) but thou run'st fast,
For to destroy his worke, thou didst make haste.
But to obey Gods will or his decree,
Was never yet intended so by thee.
For Truth or Justice, thou car'st not a whit,
And yet thou sayest thou hast a right to it.
Dost thou divide the world, is it thy due?
Or any part, 'twere so if lyes were true,
Thou willing art to ruine me, and still,
Thou seek'st about my living bloud to spill,
Thou dost thy worst to keepe me still from rest,
The worst of workes thou call'st still the best.
Thou shamelesse art, and impudent to all,
Thou throw'st thy darts, at rich, faire, great & small.
Thou bidden art, but yet without commission,
Thou would'st destroy me, crying for permission.

Whethe

Whether good, or bad, it's all one ſtill to thee,
Thou car'ſt for none for his integrity.
If in Gods hand thou art, why doſt thon now,
Thus vexe and fret, and wilt not me allow,
A being: but doſt labour to deſtroy,
Me ſtill: my glory thou would'ſt take away.
A tyrant if a King thou art; 'tis ſo,
To all thy ſubjects firſt or laſt a foe,
Thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe moſt curſt, ſo vile thou art,
Some may in feare, in love none takes thy part.
Thou doſt uſurp, God made thee not a King, (thing
A name that's forg'd, through feare thou haſt the
Put on thee: God with wrath doth arme thee then
'Tis for his foes; but to all other men.
He mercy ſhewes; but thou no pitty haſt,
And friends or foes, thou ſtill doſt lay them waſte.
What good by thee doth come to any one,
'Twas by Gods hand, for thou intendeſt none;
The Saints that did ſo much deſire thee,
'Twas firſt becauſe from ſinne they would be free;
And for to ſee the Lord, and with him dwell,
To ſpeake his praiſes, and his goodneſſe tell.
Not for thy ſake, thy pale and dreadfull face,
Frights, all by nature run from thee apace.
Can God (doſt thinke) finde no way elſe to bring,
His Saints to bliſſe? but thou muſt uſe thy ſting,
To bring them down, ſome are in heaven bleſt,
That ne're knew thee, and ſo might all the reſt,

If

If God did pleaſe; thou mak'ſt as if beholding
God were to thee (in thy defence unfolding)
For ſpoyling mee: that life by thee they gaine,
Is not thy minde, that life too, thou would'ſt ſtaine,
If thou hadſt power, (but 'tis above thy reach)
Thou didſt on earth ſuch fearfull lectures preach:
'Tis well thou haſt but there a time to tarry,
'Tis true, though once in this thy minde did varie.
No ill report I ever made on thee,
And this the Judge, and all the world ſhall ſee.
Though I am guilty, if the Lord forgive,
My ſinne; what's that to thee? I ſtill ſhall live.
What ill I doe, is done through ſins temptation,
Thou bring'ſt the guilt, which threatens condem-(nation.
Thou ruin'ſt time, and ages to decay.
Thou alſo bring'ſt; by taking me away.
Is't out of love to God, that thou doſt ſo,
Revenge the ills? no, no, thou art a foe
To all that live, it is not for Gods ſake,
It's ſtill in wrath that thou doſt vengeance take.
Thou doſt accuſe me of the breach of right,
That ſo my darkneſſe, may make thine ſeeme light.
Thy ſelfe thou praiſeſt that thou doſt Gods will,
And keep'ſt his lawes, though thou doſt break them ſtill.
Thou lying ſerpent; thou doe good to me,
When, where was it? can good of evill be?
I will requite thee if thou good haſt ſhowne,
To me: thy ill to all the world is knowne.

Can Life by Death a being here retaine?
When losse of life, thou counteſt for thy gaine.
'Tis true I hate thee, how can I doe leſſe?
Thou doſt on me thy malice ſtill expreſſe.

An aggravation and diſproportion, betwixt death and the cruelleſt creatures, and how he hath nothing that is praiſe-worthy belongs to him.

What ſhall I ſay thou curſed viper now?
Set out thee or thy hatred, who knowes how?
A cockatrice thou art, of poyſon'd Aſpe.
Thou ſtep'ſt then in, when men for me do gaſpe,
The Lion's meeke, when he's compar'd to thee,
The Dragon's tame, how wilde ſo ere he be,
The Leopards doe ſhew ſome reſpect to men,
The greedy Wolves doe prey but now and then.
The hungry foxes doe ſleepe all the day,
And in the night they onely ſeeke their prey.
But thou art worſe than all that here are nam'd,
Thou ſpoil'ſt all men, and never art aſham'd.
Both day and night all times thou goeſt about,
And mak'ſt thy prey of all thou findeſt out.
The Panther when he doth deſtroy mans life,
Seemeth to grieve, but thou art ſtill at ſtrife
With me: for murther thou doſt not relent,
But if thou miſſe a blow, thou doſt repent.

Beaſts

Beasts may be seene, and so may be prevented,
If not, with one alone they'l be contented.
Thou like a Thiefe dost come, men not aware,
All thou must have, for one thou dost not care.
Thy shape's unseen, I cannot paint thee out,
Not man, not beast, nor fowle, nor vermine rout,
Can thee discover in thy native hue:
Or by proportion give to thee thy due.
If thou be strong, why doe men through disease,
Grow weake, before thou dost upon them seaze?
If thou be bold, why dost thou slily creepe,
And steal on men by night, when they should sleep?
If thou art valiant, why dost thou the brother,
Vse as thy meanes, to make him kill the other?
When armies rise against each other fight,
Thought there thou art, thou play'st there least in (sight.
If thou art noble, why doe hangmen still,
Attend on thee, to execute thy will?
Thou dost men starve, is this a noble minde?
No favour shew'st thou art to all unkinde.
If thou art great, why dost not shew the same,
To shelter men of praise to get a name?
If thou art faire, come now let's see thy face?
Thy beauties markes may helpe thee in this case.
Especially, if beauty be within.
But thou art foule, and so hast ever beene.
If thou art wise, why dost thou ever use
To set thy selfe the wisest, to abuse?

In this thy folly doth ſo much appeare,
To all the world 'tis evident and cleare.
If thou art juſt, why doſt not reſcve thoſe,
That ſerve the Lord in ſtriking downe their foes?
If thou haſt mercy why doſt ſlight the teares,
Of poore diſtreſt? thou doſt increaſe their feares.
If thou art rich, why doſt not give a fee,
Both large and good for thoſe that plead for thee?
But thou art poor thy halfe world's nothing worth,
So well as I can, I have ſet thee forth.

Deaths friends are reproved, their abſurdities are not to be anſwered, but they are fitter for correction. Compariſons and advice.

Thy friends that have ſtood up for thy defence,
Will from thee finde a deadly recompence.
They trade with thee, but he that gets the gaines
Comes off with loſſe, his labour for his paines:
There's none that doth the common good deſire
Of them: like fooles they dote upon their hire.
On preſent things they dote, but quickly they,
Will loſe the ſweet, when death takes them away.
The Magiſtrate I le ſatisfie, but for
The reſt like Atheiſts ſpeake, I doe abhorre
To anſwer them, abſurdities their words
Are; them they uſe as mad men doe uſe ſwords.

Who

Who ever ſpeaks they will not take direction,
Ile not diſpute, they'r fitter for correction.
To ſide with death againſt the life of men,
That pretious is, for gaines they wiſh death then.
Should men like beaſts by ſenſe live alwayes here?
Hath God no wayes but what to ſence appeare,
To feed and cloath his creatures which he made?
He helpe him can, though other helpes doe fade.
Muſt death of others, life unto men give?
Or no meanes elſe is in the world to live?
Is there no gaines, but muſt be others loſſes,
Or comfort have, unleſſe death bring his croſſes?
Is this to do by others as to have
The ſame repay'd to thee? or would'ſt thou crave
Death for thy ſelfe, or ſhamefully to die,
Others to free, that doe in bondage lie?
An others caſe in this make ſtill thine owne,
Thou fain would'ſt live, ſhould others be o'rthrown
Be not ſo brutiſh in thy curſt deſire,
Me thinks it ſmels of brimſtone, and hell fire.
Plead not for death, he will not plead for you;
His friendſhip's falſe, his enmity is true.

The Magiſtrates ſpeech is anſwered.

The Magiſtrate that pleads for death ſo witty,
That he ſhould fall, he thinkes it is great pitty:

There's

There's other wayes, for Juſtice to take place,
Sharpe puniſhment, and publikely diſgrace.
Juſtice in rigor ſhould not be expreſt,
Injuſtice 'tis to all, but to the beſt
Shew clemency and mercy to all ſuch
That are moſt rude, let pitty ever touch,
The heart, and then in love we ſhall agree,
When Death goes downe, O then I ſhall be free.
Death, none can quit, when he once takes away,
The lives of men, although they went aſtray,
Though death be gone, ſtil thou maiſt uſe thy ſtrēgth
To chaſtiſe men, and make them good at length.
A ſervant now he is, but ere't be long,
He'l maſter be, and prove for thee too ſtrong.
Vnleſſe he be condemn'd, and ſilenc'd quite,
And by decree we take away his might;
Sinne s condemn'd, if it get not repreeve,
Death may be ſpar'd men may in quiet live.
Although before ſome have deſerv d to die,
I would not loſe nor leave them willingly.
Though worſt ſpeed beſt & beſt the worſt receive
Worſt may be beſt if I doe not them leave.
Though theevs by death have here receiv'd reward
Yet by thy ſtripes men will as much regard,
The law of life: now if death be a friend,
Let others judge: for I have made an end.

The charge of the Jurie.

You heare of death; the case is open'd large,
Your verdict bring: for this I give in charge,
You speake the truth, and boldly as you finde,
Respect not parties, freely shew your minde.
Death is a foe to all the case is cleare,
The best that live, of him doe live in feare.
He is so grim that with his ghastly frowne,
He doth distract men, then he sinkes them downe.
Life seekes but justice, justice he shall have,
My subject he's, he shall not be death's slave;
Life he is wrong'd, the truth of this is try'd?
Doe you consult, the case ile soone decide.

The Preface to the verdict of the Jurie.

Lord, this we finde to us is very cleare,
That Death to Life a foe is: with his feare
Doth men like slaves keepe under; With his force
Doth crush all things, and never hath remorse.
He prides himselfe ore all, he is so vile,
Next Sin, the worst, though you a King him stile.
The truth of this all ages that are past,
Have found for they, by death were spoil'd at last.

O monstrous death, when men use cursed art,
To torture men, thou tak'st the tyrants part.
The information sets thy inside out,
But the reply, brings it more cleare about.
Thy words, thy friends doe no whit mend thy case
But by contraries: Justice now takes place.

The Verdict of the Jurie, against Death.

For Death, we finde him guilty of those crimes,
Of frighting men, and killing them all times,
And all things else; that little we can see,
(Take other things that prov'd so strongly be,
'Gainst him) why he should not deserve to die,
Cut from the earth, and times eternally.
Now doome him Lord, and free us from his snare,
And let him lie in ever dying care.

The Introduction to the Sentence.

Death now thou seest thou art convicted truly,
Thy deadly plots I have observed duly:
Against my creatures for so 's the story,
That chiefly made were, to set forth my glory.
When that my sonne tooke flesh and man became,
Thou did'st not spare him; thou join'st w^th him shame

And brought it him downe: but then he from the earth,
Was rais'd againe, and had a second birth.

The sentence against Death.

I sentence thee to perish evermore;
With all thy malice set upon thy score:
A stronger death, shall swallow all thy power,
And shall thy Kingdome utterly devoure.
Now helpe nor refuge, none shall give to thee,
Eternall darknesse then thy part shall be,
Thou never shalt from thence returne againe,
To domineere or triumph ore the slaine.
Take wrath with thee, be fill'd with curses store
And so begon, and see my face no more.

The Devill knowing that Sinne and Death are condemned, his power and malice appeares; but 'tis restrained.

Sathan which once did dwell within the Court,
Of heaven; thence was cast, yet doth resort,
Thither againe, to pry into Gods actions,
And what he doth against his cursed factions,
And what respect he shewes unto his owne,
That serve him still, and make his power knowne.
The one, he doth against the Lord upholde,
The other he to shame would bring, to holde

He

He is, that he doth claime a due and right,
To all the world; dispose it by his might.
He would: if God did not subdue his power;
All men he would by treason soone devoure.
And now he's vext that sin and death is cast,
By Jurie, and God hath the sentence past,
Vpon them both; and now he comes to sue;
For a reprieve, as to his Kingdome due.

The Devill sueth for a reprieve for Sinne and Death, and useth sundry Arguments.

Lord am not I thy creature, thou didst make;
Me glorious? when with Angels I did take
Delight to doe what thou didst me command:
And pleasure tooke, to waite then at thy hand.
I sinn'd but once, yet by that sinne I fell,
From heavens glory, to the pit of hell.
Thy creature man, on which thou sett'st thy love;
Still sinneth, and his sinning doth not move
Thee to reject him; but in favour still,
He doth receive the fruits of thy good will.
Seeing it is so, that I no hope have ever,
To be restor'd, though I should use endeavour;
I set my selfe to stablish me a throne,
Except thy selfe, He be controul'd by none.

Now sinne and death, are servants unto me,
They doe my worke, and alwayes willing be,
To bring me honour, profit; they converse,
And trade with men, I have a rich commerce,
By both their meanes: the pillars of my state,
I them esteeme; and I at any rate
Would not them lose; they both do know my bents
I cannot worke without such instruments,
Why dost thou me before the time torment,
Condemning them to hinder my intent;
Thou know'st my time is very short to stay,
Here; I am bound unto the Judgement day,
In chaines of darknesse, then I must abide,
Thy burning wrath: to recompence my pride.
That is as much as Justice can desire,
Now I of thee this one thing doe require.
If I may have this favour at thy hand,
As devils are, He be at thy command.
That sin and death may both their freedome have,
By a reprieve, this is the thing I crave,
And doe my worke as they were wont to doe it,
Give liberty; for they are willing to it.
Thou didst at first permit me for to enter,
Into the serpent, I to tempt did venter
The woman first, then in the second place,
Ore man prevail'd; and brought on both disgrace.
The King that was according to thy heart,
Thou gav'st me leave to tempt too, but the smart

He quickly felt; the people were incumbred
With plagues, destroy'd soone after they were nũ-
Thou didst permit me for to try that King, (bred.
Who wicked was, by lying him to bring
To an untimely and a fearfull end,
That sold himselfe and ne're did good intend.
That man that great was, dwelling in the East,
Approv'd by thee to be of men the best,
Thou didst permit me for to trie him so,
That he almost did count thee for his foe.
Thou didst permit me for to try with fan,
Th'Apostles faith, so I did man by man,
And by that meanes they blessed on record,
Doe still remaine: with all that kept thy word.
Nay when I was from him that was possest
Cast: when I aske thou granted'st my request,
Into the Swine to enter, thou said'st goe,
Without thy leave, I could not have done so.
Now art not thou as kinde as heretofore?
To all thy favours, adde this favour more;
To free my servants: Kingdomes if divided
Long cannot stand; this was by thee decided.
By me thy justice shall the more appeare,
And mercie too, in freeing some from feare.
Though I am bad, it best becomes a devill
But thou art good: so render good for evill.
Let sin and death be quit that they may still,
Rejoyce with me: and execute my will.

Sathan is sharply rebuked in sundry particulars by the Lord.

Why dost thou claime a priviledge that thou,
My creature art? thou art a devill now?
Thou tri'st all meands, to make all like to thee,
For desperation, and for miserie.
Thou wast in heaven, where no sinne did dwell,
Yet thou through pride, against me didst rebell.
Thou wast not tempted, man by thee was tempted,
Why should not he, by mercy be exempted?
From wrath? which is for evermore thy due,
With all that fell: which are a curs'ed crue.
For man, I have redeem'd him by my Sonne,
Which paid a price, else had he been undone.
No price nor meanes can serve to helpe thee out,
Of thy curs'd state: if thou should'st goe about,
It were in vaine, though thou a Kingdome hast,
And men cannot, yet I will lay thee wast.
Though Sinne and Death be still at thy command,
What canst thou doe, when they are by my hand,
Suppress? why dost thou now so much desire,
To have repriev'e for them? because hell fire
Reserv'd for thee is to that judgement day?
Me thinks these thoughts, thy malice might allay.
That still the more thou art to sinne inclin'd,
The more in hell of torment thou shalt find.

The more of men thou draweſt to thy will,
The more with wrath I will thy ſpirit fill.
Though I in juſtice did ſome time permit thee,
(Doſt thinke that for ſuch ſinnes I doe acquit thee?)
T'intice the good or make the bad grow worſe,
To make me powre on them the greater curſe.
Thou doſt accuſe my Saints, and mak'ſt me try them
I nothing finde, but that thou doſt belye them.
If I command thee not to uſe thy power,
'Gainſt man; then thou wilt the beaſts devoure.
If what thou would'ſt thou canſt not bring about,
Thou'lt play at ſmall game, rather than ſit out.
Not parted, but orethrowne, thy Kingdome ſhall
Ere long be: then with curſed great and ſmall.
If ſinne become thee, comely thou ſhalt be,
Enough ſhalt thou have, with ſins miſerie.
Thou monſter vile, ſhould I thee good r ward,
When none for ſinne with thee, can be compar'd.
If ſinne and death repriev'd are (this thy choiſe)
How much, how long, would'ſt thou with them re-
(ioyce.

A Reprieve is granted, that Gods juſtice might the more appeare.

Now though I grant thee this thy vile requeſt,
Of all thy evils this is not the leaſt:
My juſtice ſhall on thee the more appeare,
In ſinne, and ſinners, horrour, guilt, and feare,

Shall waite, and death shall be by me restrain'd,
So sin, and death, together shall be chain'd.
Accurst from me they shall be, men shall know,
Its but the fruit of raging flames below:
And as they band against men, so their hire,
Shall be the more in hels tormenting fire,
They shall not hatch the mischiefe they intend,
Ile crush their force, and crosse their cursed end,
But for my foes that side with sin against me,
They earnest give for death and miserie.
Repriev'd they shall be but on these conditions
That never they orepasse these strict commissions.

Sinne and Death prohibited in sundry particulars remaine both under sentence till the time of execution.

Sinne shall not raigne in any of my owne
Redeem'd, then he shall soone be overthrowne,
Death shall not strike the just before their time,
When they are ripe, Ile pluck them in their prime,
Sinne shall not raile nor persecute the best:
Death shall not fright them though that he be prest
Against them, they shall willing be to part,
From worldly pompe, before he kill the heart:
Sinne shall not set up tyrants in high places,
Lest they should bring their betters to disgraces.

Death

Death ſhall not venture on ſuch preſently,
That wicked men judge worthy for to die.
Sinne ſhall not take all fat, and ſweet away,
And let men beg, or ſtarve, or goe aſtray,
For want of comfort (caſting truth behinde)
Nor ſlight the cries of them diſtreſt in minde.
Death ſhall not ſhew his face to any one,
In the new birth untill the worke be done.
Sinne ſhall not mocke at men that ſerve the Lord,
With upright hearts, this I have ſtill abhorr'd.
Death ſhall not vexe thoſe that are griev'd for ſin,
With purpoſe for a new life to begin.
Sinne ſhall not be in painted ſhewes ſet forth,
To hinder truth that is ſo great of worth.
Death ſhall not ſeaze for ſmall things on the poore,
Or free the rich of greater for their ſtore.
Sinne never more ſhall turne the ſtreame away,
Nor with the higheſt erre ſhal beare the ſway,
Death ſhall not touch a man without my leave,
Or any thing elſe, of its life bereave:
Let ſinne and death, ſtill tu der ſentence dwell,
Till they with thee, together meet in hell.

FINIS.

ROM. 12.9.

Abhorre that which is evill, cleave to that which is good.

PSALM. 51.2.

Wash me from mine iniquitie, and cleanse me from my sinne.

REV. 2.7.

To him that overcommeth, I will give to eate of the Tree of Life, which is in the middest of the Paradice of God.

Serious Directions and Instructions, for our practice touching Sinne.

1.

SEeing Sinne hath got reprieve againe,
About the world he'll use his might,
To flatter men their soules to staine,
With filthy sinne, then with great spight,
He'l lay upon men heavie weights,
And bring their minds to dreadfull straights.

2.

The best advise that I can give,
I readie am to shew to thee,
How through Gods mercie thou maist live,
From sinnes Dominion vet free.
And from the guilt that followes sinne,
Though Sinne and Sathan bring it in.

3.

Over thy heart be watchfull ſtill,
Subdue the riſing of the minde,
And bring thy ſoule to hate all ill,
That now or after thou ſhalt finde.
The bent of all thy heart let bee,
To ſerve the Lord, he'l honour thee.

4.

The evill motions firſt of all,
Reſiſt before thou doe it like,
Thou eaſie maiſt keepe out of thrall,
If thou defend when ſinne doth ſtrike:
When he doth finde that he's deſcrid'd,
He'l ſoone deſiſt, his face to hide.

5.

The temper of thy nature finde,
And chiefly there keepe ſtrongeſt guard,
Againſt what ſinne thou'rt moſt inclin'd,
For, 'twill thy labours well reward.
Sin will be weake, grace will be ſtrong,
Sin leave thee will ere it be long.

6.

Occaſions ſhun which elſe will draw,
Thee unto ſinne, and by degrees,
Thou wilt neglect, or hate Gods law,
And plunge thy ſelfe in miſeries.
For if ſinne get the upper hand,
Then tyrant-like, he'll thee command.

7.

Count no ſin ſmall that thou doſt know,
The leaſt's enough to make thee dwell,
(To thinke thus makes ſin greater grow)
In the eternall pit of hell.
There's no ſinne ſmall in Gods account,
But ſinne his mercies doe ſurmount.

8.

Bethinke thy ſelfe what good there hath,
At any time come in by ſin,
And thou ſhalt finde nothing but wrath,
It brings; as now, ſo hath it been:
No good but bad in ſinne remaines,
Though ſeeming good, 'tis curſed gaines.

9.

Consider why God doth thee feed,
And cloth, to sinne? it is not so:
To thee his workes he shewes indeed,
Thou might'st him serve not like a foe;
Which of Gods blessings is a grave,
That giveth naught, yet more doth crave.

10.

Acquaint thy selfe more with Gods word,
With all things in't, there thou shalt see,
That sinne and sinners on record
Are curst, to all eternitie:
And that the godly have reward,
Though them the world did not regard.

11.

Love truth divine, and precepts still,
Lay up as treasure in thy heart;
Thy minde with comforts ever fill,
They'l ease and qualifie thy smart:
The best parts of Philosophy,
Must stoope unto divinitie.

12.

When ſinne comes thinke it's poyſon ſweet,
He brings to take away thy life,
He is thy foe be ſo diſcreet,
To keepe at diſtance, and at ſtrife:
Againſt him all thy power bend,
If to thy ſelfe thou good intend.

13.

If Sinne intreat, or if 't command,
Or ſuit with humours of thy minde,
Tempt, yet be not at any hand,
To fancies vaine be ſtill unkinde.
If ſinne doe not thee firſt diſarme,
Thou need'ſt not feare of taking harme.

14.

When ſinne doth ſo deforme the ſhape,
Of men, then looke how comely they,
When like an Anocke or an Ape,
They are: nay worſe than beaſts of prey,
What's bad in others to behold,
Thinke worſe in thee, this cale unfold.

15.

Men would with ſinne ſhare in the beſt,
Th'account at laſt all would avoid,
The ſowre muſt goe with the reſt,
Such men by ſinne will be annoyd:
For when their monſters come to birth,
None would them father on the earth.

16.

There's none in ſinne deſires to die,
Though live in ſinne they doe deſire,
'Tis beſt to leave ſinne willingly,
Elſe ſinne at laſt will bring its hire.
What's bad at death, bad now appeare,
What's good at laſt is good now here.

17.

Avoid the Company that's ill,
Leſt they thee poyſon with their breath,
Reſort to ſuch as love truth ſtill,
Such ſhew thee life, the bad bring death.
God will preſerve the godly heart,
When wicked men ſhall feele ſinnes ſmart.

18.

The worſt with God acquaintance claime,
When all their friends doe them forſake,
In this they ſhew their curſed aime,
Not for himſelfe they would him take;
Though he be lovely, but to free,
Them from ſinnes wages, miſerie.

19.

When they that love ſinne goe to hell,
They leave ſuch witneſſe them behinde,
A dreadfull ſtinking noyſome ſmell,
And ill examples men doe finde;
Their names from honour leave they free;
They'r curſt to all poſteritie.

20.

See what an honour God beſtowes,
Vpon his ſervants here below;
They daunt the world, and ſinne orethrowes,
They doe Gods will for him they know.
And when that they goe to their reſt,
They leave behinde a name that's bleſſt.

21.

Let hatred riſe 'gainſt ſinne, and why?
Not for the ſhame, but for Gods cauſe,
And 'twas for ſinne that Chriſt did die,
And ſo by ſinne we breake Gods lawes:
Becauſe 'tis curſed from the Lord,
Let ſinne by thee be ſtill abhorr'd.

22.

Whenſinne doth ſeeme ſo Angell like,
Then take good heed leſt he on thee,
His poyſon ſpit, his ſting thee ſtrike,
With it no plague compar'd can be:
The ſweet meats ſurfeit kils the ſtrong,
With meaner diet weake live long.

23.

Diſtruſt thou moſt, what moſt doth pleaſe,
Be jealous of thy knowledge when,
It's fleſh in thee that pleads for eaſe,
Grace ſinne reſiſts, though now and then
It takes delight in friendly mirth,
His name's not graven in the earth.

24.

Be ever low in thy conceit,
Of all be willing ſtill to learne,
Though ſinne for thee doe lay his baite,
Thou ſhalt through wiſedome it diſcerne,
The lower men themſelves doe deeme,
The higher God doth them eſteeme.

25.

Though ſinne doe vexe thee, thou maiſt make
Such uſe t'accompliſh thy deſires,
Though here it make thy heart to ake,
Thou ſhalt rejoyce when life expires,
The ſower of ſinne makes heaven ſweet,
Long'd for the more; God thinks it meet.

26.

Above the world free from ſinnes reach,
Live ſtill: no hurt then comes to thee,
So from experience thou ſhalt teach,
Thy ſoule to keepe from miſerie,
The ſenſe of Gods love ſhall poſſeſſe,
The heart with heavens happineſſe.

27.

Be fruitfull in the worke of grace,
On heaven ever ſet thy minde,
Deny thy worke in any caſe,
To all that's good be thou inclin'd:
Of what thou haſt, or doſt, give praiſe
To God, that ſtrengthens thee alwayes.

28.

Thinke 'tis not long that thou ſhalt here,
Be ſo perplexed with ſins ill,
Thy glorious conqueſt ſhall appeare,
If thou againſt ſinne bend thy will:
If thou Gods glory doſt intend,
Thy joyes ſhall be world without end.

29.

The more thou doſt make warre with ſinne,
The more thou ſett'ſt Gods glory forth,
So thou ſhalt have true peace within,
And joy, more than the world is worth.
Mad men and fooles, alone forſake,
Gods counſell; they part with ſinne take.

30.

Commit thy ſelfe, with thy ſucceſſe
To God, and pray ſtill for his aide,
He'll give a ſweet and full redreſſe,
To all thy griefes, be not afraid.
Let feare and ſhame ſeaze on all thoſe,
That hold with ſinne, to God they'r foes.

31.

Remember ſtill that by Gods power,
Sinne is reſtrain'd and bounded ſo,
He cannot hurt, much leſſe devoure,
Vnleſſe the Lord doe bid him goe;
Keepe in with God, and love him ſtill,
Sinne workes thee good, though he be ill.

32.

It is not ſinne, but ſinne belov'd,
That cuts thee off from ſaving grace,
For what thou doſt, God is not mov'd,
To give to thee a dwelling place
In heaven; no 'tis mercies ſtore,
Laid up in Chriſt for millions more.

33.

Christ was on purpose sent to earth,
To free us from sins cursed sting,
And to destroy that monstrous birth,
(That he might freedome to us bring)
Sinnes workes: as for, so in all those,
That with consent unto him close.

34.

If guilt of sinne doe once but looke,
Or stare thee in the face, O then
Beleeve that Christ when flesh he tooke,
'Twas to redeeme poore sinfull men;
From feare, and wrath, and power of hell,
They might in heaven with him dwell.

35.

If thou canst finde no blessed store
Nor grace appeares unto thy sight,
Then thinke what thou hast felt before,
In darknesse thou must have some light;
Experience past will helpe at need,
Though fruit be spent thou maist have seed.

36.

If nothing of that ſtore remaines,
Nor ſeed yet Chriſts owne work doth ſtay,
And with returne the ſoule conſtraines,
That from him he'll not part away;
Though comfort here we can ſee none,
'Tis beſt to truſt in him alone.

37.

Sinne at the laſt ſhall be deſtroy'd;
And caſt into the darkſome pit,
Although he hath thee ſo annoid,
His time is ſhort then thinke of it,
Though for a time he vexe thee ſore,
Thou ſhalt be freed for evermore.

38.

And after long and many teares,
Thou ſhedſt for ſinne, O then at laſt,
Thou ever ſhall be quit from feares.
Thy ſorrowes all ſhall then be paſt;
No more of troubles thou ſhalt ſee,
Then, if for ſinne thou greeved be.

39.

And if thou haſt ſinne overthrowne,
And kept the faith with all thy might,
To all the world thou ſhalt be knowne,
And ſhalt receive in open ſight,
Thy portion with the Saints above,
The fruits of Gods eternall love.

40.

That glory cannot be expreſt,
By mortall men that are below,
But they that dwell above are bleſt,
They doe the heavenly beauty know.
Lord bring us thither for to ſee,
The glory of thy Majeſtie.

FINIS.

LUK. 21. 28.

Lift up your heads, for the day of your Redemption draweth nigh.

PHILIP. 1. 21.

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gaine.

1 THES. 4. 16.

The Dead in Christ shall rise first.

DIVINE POEMS.

Serious Directions, and Instructions concerning Death.

Withall shewing who are unwilling to die, and why.

As also, who are willing, and upon what couditions.

Concluding with heavenly Ejaculations.

1.

THough death be sentenc'd, yet he still,
Remaines, and will his freedome have;
While times doe last · he'l ever kill
Mankinde, and throw all in the grave:
That foe that shall be last destroy'd,
Is Death; he makes all men afraid.

2.

When men looke on, and ſee his face,
So pale, and ghaſtly, downe they ſinke,
Then dreadfull darkneſſe takes its place,
And waites mans comming at pitts brinke.
Keepe company with wormes he muſt,
Till God doe raiſe him from the duſt.

3.

This thing to Nature terror brings,
When man muſt leave his houſe, though clay,
The comfort of all earthly things,
Forſake he muſt, his ſcore then pay.
Then he that did not live to die,
Then dying, dies eternally.

4.

The man that's wicked, dies before,
Death comes, with horrour for his ſinne,
That worme doth gnaw him very ſore,
That lives in hell, the ſoule within.
Death never comes, but brings ill newes,
To all that love ill, good refuſe.

5.

Thoſe that in honour, wealth, or eaſe,
Doe live. they loth are to depart,
The thoughts of death doe not them pleaſe,
But death it ſelfe quite killes the heart,
A kinde of heaven they have here,
They would not change, for worſe they feare.

6.

He that is ignorant of good,
And lives by ſenſe to like a bruit,
He's never taken in that mood,
So fit for death, to bring forth fruit,
This world he knowes, no other he
Knowes: thinking death brings miſerie.

7.

The man that's weake in grace would ſtay,
A while to ſee the cloud of wrath,
Blow ore, to ſee a glorious day,
That he of truth may ſee the path:
Though ſuch are ſlighted in the land,
They are ſtill on the ſtanding hand.

8.

One that's strong yet falles by sinne,
He would not die in that same case,
Vntill true peace he finde within:
By grace to live he begges a space,
Such cannot sinne so cheape, nor sweet,
As fooles doe, for they thinke it meet.

9.

For civill ends some would revive,
To gather and to give estates,
To children, and to see them thrive,
And see him turne, that counsell hates;
When they are dead alive may be:
Men live in their posteritie.

10.

Some higher ends have in their eyes.
They'd see in Sion peace, and rest,
Out live they would those fearfvll cries,
That thence are heard, such ends are best:
To see the fall of *Babels* pride,
Then they would die; the cause is tri'd.

11.

My generall advice is this,
Remember death muſt ſeaze on all,
Thinke and prepare (O doe not miſſe)
Thy ſelfe : againſt, when death doth call
In expectation daily die ;
And willing be in duſt to lye.

12.

In doubtfull things men uſe to feare,
On certaine things men doe reſolve,
What doth more plaine than this appeare,
That death muſt all ere long diſſolve ;
Why ſhould a man whoſe time is ſhort,
Jeſt at mens death with ſinfull ſport?

13.

Repent of ſinne the ſting of death,
There's no ſuch thing as many deeme,
In't : though that he do ſtop thy breath,
Thou maiſt be great in Gods eſteeme ;
Hold in with Chriſt then ſweetly ſing,
O cruell death where is thy ſting?

14.

Death to the best a gaine indeed,
Is, they doe change this place of strife,
Though in the grave wormes on them feed,
Yet they shall have eternall life:
They doe but mellow in the dust,
Till God new mould, and make them iust.

15.

Have still thy heart on heaven set,
And keepe Gods love fresh in thy heart,
(Though Death doe catch thee in his net)
Twill not be fired out by art.
Love stronger doth than death appeare,
Such love will free thee from deaths feare.

16.

Let wicked men so tremble still,
At thoughts of death, that they may leave,
Their sinnes, let sorrow their hearts fill,
Ere death doth them of life bereave:
That they may learne to hate their sin,
And may a new life once begin.

17.

It's best for those that live at full,
To set the worst before their eyes,
And rouse themselves (for such are dull)
And have regard to poore mens cries:
You'd best give bread, while here you dwell,
Lest you your water beg in hell.

18.

Learne to know want in midst of wealth,
And die to riches while you live,
And thinke of sicknesse in your health,
Doe not content to humours give;
Life will not be so strange to these,
If thou from earth dyest by degrees.

19.

The foolish must know (though 'tis bad)
That death will take them all away,
Then are not such men worse than mad,
That drive off all untill that day,
Till they doe see needs they must die,
And they despairing quaking lie?

20.

Beat downe conceit, and thinke thou art,
A foole indeed; then thou maiſt learne
To know the turnings of thy heart,
And maiſt true wiſedome then diſcerne:
That thou maiſt then receive at laſt,
Eternall life when this is paſt.

21.

Let tender hearted men beleeve,
Their grace is true, though 'tis not ſtrong.
Let not the thoughts of death them greeve,
They ſhall be freed ere it be long.
Gods ſtrength is thine, which will prevaile,
Againſt all feares that thee aſſaile.

22.

Thoſe that be ſtrong, yet be falne downe,
And feares of death oppreſſe them ſo,
That they have loſt their great renowne,
And God himſelfe ſeemes like a foe.
Strengthen your hearts and feeble hands,
Reſcue your ſelves from feare and bands.

23.

If you be cowards, you will ſhame,
The cauſe, your ſelves, and others will,
Be fearfull, when they heare the name,
Of death: ſuch frailties ſhew the ill,
Vſe well the gifts that God doth give,
That though death comes, your joy may live.

24.

And ever after have a care
Of falling from your ſtedfaſtneſſe,
You need not then to feare the ſnare,
Of death, but heavens happineſſe,
Will tend on you, and you ſhall ſee,
The glorie of eternitie.

25.

Thoſe that would leave a happie ſeed,
Behinde them when death throwes his dart,
Muſt pray, and labour ſtill indeed,
That God with grace may fill the heart,
That they may live to God below,
When they above Gods praiſes ſhow.

26.

And they that long to ſee the peace,
Of Sion, ere they'd leave their life,
Let them not grutch their lives to ceaſe,
For death will free them from all ſtrife:
In heaven they at laſt ſhall ſee,
Their freedome with felicity.

27.

Some willing are to die, when they
Are vext, or want their wils in things,
They thinke they have no ſcore to pay,
Though death them endleſſe torment brings.
They ignorant of death remaine,
Till ſecond death bring ſuch their gaine.

28.

Some deſperate perſons that doe kill,
Themſelves; they ſeeke for't, which they finde,
The curſe of God their ſoules ſhall fill,
The eſſe't will not pleaſe well the minde.
The firſt fruits of hell may ſuffice,
To reape the crop ſuch fooles deviſe.

29.

Some of a better making doe,
Sometimes in paſſion wiſh to die,
Such in diſtreſſe are fooliſh too,
And fret diſdaining miſerie:
But when God chides them, quickly they
Were ſorry, that they went aſtray.

30.

Thoſe that are Gods, the truth to grace,
Confeſſe they will unto the death,
They willing are to give the place,
To tyrants, and to loſe their breath,
Before they will deny Gods name,
They'l give themſelves to burning flame.

31.

Such that have peace with God above,
Do draw from earth their hearts content,
And with their ſins are out of love,
And to all good their hearts are bent,
Their bleſſed life doth then begin,
When death doth ſet them free from ſinne.

32.

But yet if God would have them ſtay,
A while on earth they willing are,
To doe his will, their ſoules each day
Confirme: how ere the bodie fare,
When the body growes towards earth,
The ſoule brings forth immortall birth.

33.

The wicked ſtill are in extreames,
They would not die if God ſhould call,
They of this world have then ſuch dreames,
Of joy: which they'l not part withall,
They'r ſo bewitcht to pleaſure here,
There's nothing elſe but death they feare.

34.

And others that God bids to ſave,
The lives of others, and their owne,
They'r brought untimely to their grave,
And by themſelves are overthrowne:
Such feare not death, but downe to hell,
They headlong ruſh, and there doe dwell.

35.

I cannot chuſe but I muſt chide
Thoſe that in ſullen fits would die,
The worlds diſgrace cannot abide,
For trouble that upon them lies:
They muſt of this with teares repent,
Or elſe of God they ſhall be ſhent.

36.

Can any ſuffering be too much,
For God his cauſe or glory? when
They ſhall have a reward with ſuch,
In heaven? theſe are bleſſed men,
That never ſhare in troubles more,
They now rejoyce though ſad before.

37.

Such as are willing for to yeeld,
Their lives to death, for Chriſt his ſake,
By Death they conquer in the field,
In loſing life a better take:
They leave a dread upon all thoſe,
That unto God and them are foes.

38.

Who would not willing be to part,
With earth for heaven? when they have,
Got peace with God, by gratious art,
And knowing God their soules will save?
For heaven let all those be prest,
That fitted are thus for their rest.

39.

Yet let not any grudge to stay,
Till they have done the worke that he
Hath set them to, spending their day,
In good, while they here present be:
Returning still their pay: therefore,
Worke now, then thou need'st work no more.

40.

The more men do, or suffer here,
For truth; their crown they doe augment,
Their glory shall the more appeare,
Though death do close them in his tent;
God shewes his face here most to such,
That liv'd long, wrought, and did not grudge.

41.

It's best for bad to die betime,
For living long, their sins increase:
And sinfull acts grow to their prime,
Their sinnes live still, though life do cease.
Though they are rotten in the dust,
Their sins are fresh, they meet them must.

42.

They'd best to tremble in such sort,
At thoughts of death that they may know,
And heare the dreadfull ill report,
Of sinne, while here they live below:
Death puts an end to vaine delights,
Then doth begin, hell, horror, frights.

43.

But to the just, their sorrow ends,
They joy (though 'twas begun before)
With full increase, which makes amends
For trouble much, their joyes are more;
Of this the blessed Saints can tell,
As damned can relate of hell.

44.

What though the ſoule and body parts,
Which loving friends have been ſo long?
The thoughts of this may glad their hearts,
That they ſhall meet both ſweet and ſtrong,
Refin'd: and with each other joy,
In heaven ſtill without annoy.

45.

Death is no death; it doth but ope,
A doore, the ſoule away may flie,
And ſo poſſeſſe that bleſſed hope,
It hath of true felicitie.
To leave fraile life, who'd thinke it ſtrange,
To have eternall in exchange?

46.

Death's but a blaſt, that ſoone blowes ore,
And never more ſhall looke on thee,
The hurt is nothing, feare is more,
Though dreadfull it do ſeeme to be.
God will it ſweeten from above,
And thou ſhalt finde his conſtant love.

47.

Ile feare it not, for why ſhould I?
For life and death together goes,
By every croſſe Ile learne to die,
They'r both my friends, but they are foes:
Life doth conſent with Death each day,
To take part of my life away.

48.

Lord I will ſerve thee while I here,
Remaine: what need I much to care,
For death: when thou freeſt me from feare?
I will thy goodneſſe ſtill declare.
My life ſhall ever ſpeake thy praiſe,
When death comes, I ſhall live alwayes.

FINIS.

47.

He feare it not, for why should I?
For life and death together goes;
By every profit I learne to die;
They both my friends, but they are foes:
Life doth content with Death each day,
To take part of my life away.

48.

Lord I will serve thee while I here,
Remaine: what need I much to care,
For death: when thou freest me from feare?
I will thy goodnesse fill declare.
My life shall ever speake thy praise,
When death comes, I shall live always.

The Resolutions of the Muse, in her Pilgrimage.

NOw I of Time, and Vanity have sung,
Of Darknesse, Light, and Life, sad, sweet, & strong,
Of Sin, of Death, Instructions too among;

Ile seeke my fortune now, and goe about,
I shall be entertain'd, I make no doubt,
Though I am naked, love will finde me out.

I shall be cloth'd then in a sute of Leather,
And love, and I, both still shall dwell together,
And shee'l be glad, that ever I came hither.

And if a Noble person do me grace,
To take me in, in this distressed case,
Ile do my service faithfull in my place.

If one that's learned take me home to dwell,
Ile pray him then that he will use me well,
Or to a better I my selfe will sell.

If

If I should dwell with him that's truly wise,
He'l hide my faults & what's of worth he'l prize
And then my song to praise him shal devise.

If he that's honest, bids me welcome in,
Ile doe my best to helpe to kill his sin,
I shall not lose, yet he by me shall win.

If noble, learned, wise, and honest too,
Doe shew respect to me, who then durst doe,
Me wrong? they cannot, 'tis no matter who.

If one ignoble, seeing me, doe grutch,
To shew me favour, thinke it's all too much,
That I receive, I looke for none of such.

If one unskill'd in any learned art,
Against me proudly act a Tyrants part,
He'l vexe in vaine, he shall not greeve my heart.

For want of wit, if any doe me blame,
Let them as fools, keep in their spight with shame
My song's the same, and so are they by name.

If one that's vile, looke with disdainfull eye,
On me, because I doe his faults espie;
Ile leave him gall'd, when I from him doe flie.

If

If any Senior, looking big, and grave,
Conceits he knowes, yet he no knowledge have,
If me he slight, I will his absence crave.

Or if I finde one with an emptie pate,
That nothing speakes, though he doe ever prate,
Ile shew his shame, but not his person hate.

If one I finde, that hath a barren soule,
And will not see't, yet doe my words controule,
Let him be put, with *stultus* in his rowle.

If one that's simple, doe desire me,
To gaine experience, constant I will be,
To doe my best to him, that all shall see.

If any censure me, is this the cause,
Their parboyl'd spirits cannot gaine applause?
They break both Gods, Natures, & humane lawes,

If one detract from good, or turne to ill,
My honest meaning this may follow still,
That such like things, his measure here may fill.

Such Imps to plead for sinne, were very fit,
But seldome they have so much art, or wit,
As pride, or lust have; for to manage it,

If

If one that reades, and rudely breakes my feet,
Or spoyles my joynts: my musicke is not sweet,
To him: the Horne-book is for him most meet.

If one through envie, proudly do disdaine,
To grant me favour, others will obtaine,
The fruit, but he hath labour for his paine.

If any mend my faults, I will him praise,
And with my voice, his honour *I* will raise,
His name in me preserv'd shall be alwayes.

All that I crave, is but a spotlesse name,
And not to mount upon the wings of fame,
Plain welcome likes me; quit me all from blame.

You know my minde, for what I speake is true,
Being modest, I will not for favour sue;
Receive me: else Ile bid you now adieu.

FINIS.

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